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feel awfully slack if I was shut up here."

"That's because you're a boy," she remarked, with a girl's superiority. "Boys are always"—she hunted about for a word—"difficult to amuse. They can't rest for long together, and they can't sew or paint pictures. They can only play cricket and football.

"Oh, can't they!" he said, with his accent of superiority now. "They can do a lot more than that. Besides, you needn't be so hard on us. You're reading a boy's book this very minute!"

She smiled, and was about to retort, when the dogs, who, unnoticed, had been snarling in an undertone, suddenly rose, and ran growling towards the gate.

The boy called them back, but the gate opened, and another lad appeared, and they ran at him not very threateningly, but rather noisily.

The new comer was a tall, thin boy, with a pale face and dark hair that hung straight and damply. He was not a good-looking boy at the best times; at this moment fear did not improve the countenance.

He uttered a sharp cry of alarm, his eyes—they were small and very dark—distended, and he raised the stick he carried, and struck Tozer an ugly blow.

Tozer howled and fled, whining piteously, and the lad on the seat sprang to his feet and hurried forward, his face red, his eyes flashing with indignation.

"I say, what did you hit my dog for?" he demanded angrily, and with true public-school grammar.

The dark-haired lad stood and glowered at him in silence for a moment.

"Why did he fly at me?" he asked, and his voice had an unpleasant sound in it—a sinister, sneering tone which matched his eyes.

"It didn't fly at you," said the other, indignantly. "He only made up to you as dogs will. You hit him because you were in a funk—you coward!"

The lad with the stick grew paler, his eyes flickered passionately, and without a word of warning he aimed a kind of savage blow at his accuser.

Now, unnoticed by the two disputants, the girl had slipped off the bench and approached them, and at this critical juncture she stepped before her companion, and received the blow upon her arm.

The boy in the Eton jacket uttered a cry of rage, and pushing her aside, none too gently, flung himself upon his assailant. There was a moment or two of fierce struggle—to which the dogs obliged with an accompaniment—then the stick was sent whirling over the hedge, and its late owner was flattened out upon the patch. The victor stood over him with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

"Get up!" he said. "get up again, and let's have it out, if you're a man."

But the passion of the prostrate one seemed to have vanished with his stick. He lay glowering up at the handsome face above him, with an evil scowl on his pale face, a vindictive gleam in his small eyes.

"Get up!" repeated the Eton boy. "You are a coward!"

The girl put her hand on his arm—her left hand.

"Come away," she said, "come away, I command you."

There was something almost queenly in her tone and air, something which bent the boy's spirit to instant submission. He stepped back, and picking up his hat, bowed his head before her.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "A fellow oughtn't to fight before ladies, but——"

"I know," she said quite quietly.

Without looking at the other boy, who had slowly got to his feet, she raised her hand, and pointing to the gate, said—

"You can go, Silas Fletcher."

He stood for a moment brushing the gravel from his clothes with a shaking hand, his eyes wandering from one face to the other; then compressing his lips tightly, as if he was keeping back a torrent of abuse, he turned and went out.

The victor, looking thoroughly ashamed of himself, stood with downcast eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry," he began; but she interrupted him as quietly as before, but not with the touch of queenliness.

"It was not your fault. He had no right to hit the dog. Poor dog! Come here!"

Tozer crawled to her, and she took it up in her arms.

"Is he hurt, do you think?" No, it was his fault. But he cannot help it. He is a bad-tempered boy."

"Who is he?" he asked.

"He is Mr. Fletcher's, the steward's son." She winced and put Tozer down suddenly as she spoke, and the boy noticed both the wince and the suddenness of the action.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, half ruefully, half impatiently. "You're hurt! I forgot! That cad hit you, didn't he? Where did he hit you? That's the worst of girls, they will interfere! Why didn't you stay where you were? You didn't suppose I couldn't manage him! Why, I'd fight him with one hand tied behind my back!"

She looked at him—a strange look in a girl so young.

"Yes," she said, under her breath, "I think you could."

"But are you hurt?" he asked. "You don't mean to say that he hit your arm? The brute! Let me see, won't you? Do!"

She drew back

"No, no!" she said in a low voice. "It was nothing. I tell you it was nothing!" She stamped her foot slightly.

He looked at her with all a boy's stubbornness.

"I don't believe you," he said. "What makes you so pale?"

"I'm not hurt," she responded almost angrily.

"Yes you are," he retorted. "And I won't believe you're not hurt unless you show me your arm."

"I shall not," she said setting her teeth. "I wish you'd go, please."

"Not till you show me your arm," he said.

She tore back the sleeve, and thrust the arm almost under his eyes.

"There then, you see!" she said.

But her voice faltered at the last words, for, to her surprise, there was a stripe of dull red crimson across the ivory white.

He uttered an exclamation of rage and indignation.

"There! I knew it! I'll—I'll wring his neck! What shall I do? Let me bathe it."

He took her arm by the wrist—gently, reverently—but she snatched it from his grasp, and, with a laugh and a swift "Good-bye!" ran off into the cottage.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day, at the same hour, Madge and "Robinson Crusoe" were in their accustomed place in the Cottage Garden, as it was called; and though Madge read as before, yet she looked round more frequently, and now and again listened intently.

It was true that the lad, when he had promised to bring his "Robinson Crusoe," had not stated any time, but Madge thought it not unlikely that he would come in the afternoon, and at the same hour as yesterday; and, though she would not have admitted it for worlds—for your girl of fifteen has quite as much, if not more, pride as your woman of five-and-twenty—she was waiting and longing for him.

You see it would have been rather difficult to forget him, even if she had tried to do so, for she had a particularly acute remembrancer in the shape of a long, dark bruise on the arm, which ached most persistently and unpleasantly. Once or twice she had woke in the night, and, lighting a candle, had looked at the mark, but each time with a singular, though unacknowledged sense of satisfaction, notwithstanding the pain.

Somehow, she would rather have had the bruise and the aching than not. She had a dull consciousness of being, in some vague kind of way, a heroine; at any rate, she knew that she was glad that the blow had fallen on her arm rather than on the boy; and she shuddered as she thought of the ugly mark it would have made on his handsome face. It didn't seriously matter in her case, because it was hidden. Every woman of fifteen to fifty takes an interest in the man she has saved from hurt, whether it be moral or physical. She wondered who he was, but with only an indefinite curiosity. Very few visitors came to the Chase, and none had hitherto visited the Cottage Garden.

An hour—two—slipped away as she partly read and partly thought, and though she was at the most interesting part of Robinson Crusoe's marvellous adventures, she began to feel dissatisfied and restless. Once there came some footsteps across the lawn, but she scarcely looked up, for she knew they were her grandfather's.

Mr. Gordon was a short old man, with gray hair. He walked slowly, with downcast, near-sighted eyes, and with a preoccupied manner. As he passed from the cottage to the gate leading to the great gardens, he raised his head and looked at her absently.

"Reading as usual, Madge?" he said.

She nodded.

"Yes, grandfather. Do you want me?"

"No, no," he said, and stooping to pick a sprig of white stock he went on and passed through the gate. For the first time since she had come to Cheaney she looked after him with envy, as if she would have liked to follow him, and for the first time asked herself why she was forbidden to cross beyond this mystic border. Another day had elapsed, and with an unconscious sigh she was just rising to go indoors, when the boy vaulted over the gate and came quickly towards her.

He was out of breath as if he had been running, and he threw himself down beside her, panting a little.

"I'm awfully sorry I'm so late," he said "but I was kept."

"Are you late?" she said, curtly. "You didn't say what time you would come, and I thought you'd forgotten all about it," she added, innocently giving herself away.

"Forgotten to come?" he repeated with a reproachful stare, "and after what you did for me yesterday? By George, it was plucky of you! You might have been a boy! How is your arm? Look here, I've brought something that will take the bruise out—for I know it must be bruised. You lift up your sleeve and I'll put it on," and with eager gravity he drew out a small paper parcel from his pocket, opened it, and displayed a lump of raw steak.

"I got our chef to give it to me," he ex-

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

BEAUTY'S NAME.

BY H. J. B.

If thou'rt not fair, oh what is Beauty's name?
If thou'rt not graceful, where shall grace be found?
If not in thee burns virtue's steady flame,
Then virtue never lit this mortal round!
I watch two stars that twinkle through the night:
But in thine eyes a sweeter light I see;
I pierce the blue depths of the heavens bright—
But find a clearer paradise in thee!
Oh what a spell hath love! In all I trace,
In every leaf and bud and floweret rare,
Some far resemblance of thy witching face,
Some tender hint of what thy beauties are.
Oh love! oh powerful love! my thralled soul
Is sway'd and master'd by thy strong control.

The Black-Fire.

BY E. L. C.

THE great scourge of the Aru Islands, in the Malay Archipelago, is an epidemic called by the natives "Owbure"—Black-fire, which rages about once in three years, and carries off a large number of the inhabitants.

In 1890, when it was very severe, an enterprising doctor claimed to have discovering an infallible remedy, and his agents did some very successful trading with his medicine.

Dobbo, the chief port of the islands, where one of them had established himself in a rattan-thatched hut near the beach, was more crowded than in the trading season. The bay was full of lime-covered praus, which had come from all the islands round laden with cargoes of tripang, mother-of pearl, and sugar-canes to be given lavishly in exchange for the Eren's (white man) little bottles of yellow physic.

One man, a handsome Papuan, from Tanabusar, had brought a cargo of bananas only, and the agent decided that it was not enough. There were but six bottles of the medicine left, and their value was rising fabulously. The Papuan came back to offer the copper and silver bracelets off his arms, but the Eren shook his head, smiling with a malicious enjoyment of the savage's anxiety. His wife—he had only one, it seemed—was down with the "Black-fire," and he was frantic to get one of the miraculous bottles to save her.

"Would the doctor wait two days?" he asked, through the interpreter, a young Papuan from New Guinea, "till he could return with everything he possessed?"

The agent shook his head.

Meanwhile five of the remaining bottles had been sold. All the space round the hut was crowded with merchandise given in exchange.

The Papuan fell on his face and grovelled to the man who seemed to him to hold in his hand the life of his mate.

Finally, as no more customers appeared, the Eren signified that he would be satisfied with the man's prau, in addition to the things he had already offered. He would need another prau, beside his little steamer in the harbor, to carry away his gains. How the savage would get back, he did not care.

The Papuan did not appear to care either; he was transported with joy, and showed his happiness with all the Papuan abandon. Just as he was about to seize the magic elixir for which he had sacrificed so much, there was a slight commotion outside among the crowd, and the agent hesitated when he saw that the excitement was caused by the arrival of a European with his servants. He put the bottle back in the packing-case behind him. The action almost cost him his life, for the savage, frenzied by the sight which seemed to show that the bargain was broken off, threw himself suddenly upon the agent, and buried his lithe fingers in his throat.

The struggle only lasted an instant, however. One of the agent's men; a European, drew his revolver, and another moment decided that the Papuan would never return to Tanabusar.

They carried his dead body out past the new arrival. He was a man of between thirty or forty, with a face in which a physiognomist could have read at once the signs of an honest, affectionate, quick-tempered, and impulsive nature.

He seemed too excited now to take any notice of the savage, but addressed himself instantly to the doctor's agent.

"You have a cure for the 'Black-fire,' they tell me?" he said, eagerly, in English.

The agent looked at him keenly before he answered, and the malicious smile came into his face which had been there when he amused himself with the Papuah.

"Yes. I have one bottle only left."

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake, if it is a cure?" said the excited new-comer. "Here are fifty pounds in English notes. You can have them in any case. But don't deceive me if it is only a sham that you are cheating the natives with. You can trust me not to spoil trade. I give you my word of honor. But let me know the truth, man."

"Oh! it is a genuine article," said the agent. "Ask the crowds outside. Lots of them have cured their friends. They look upon me as a god. My elixir is a sure cure."

"You give me your word of honor?"

"Yes, my friend. Here is my hand on it," said the agent. "Who have you sick?"

"My daughter. The only person in the world I have to love me. For Heaven's sake, give me your elixir, and let me get back in time."

"Where do you come from, then?" said the doctor, without stirring.

"Akubai."

"Find it lonely, I reckon?"

"Oh! we are very happy there, my girl and I."

"Been there long?"

"Three years. Give me the elixir. Here are your notes."

The agent did not offer to take them.

"How do you live?" he asked, with tantalizing coolness. "Grow sugar?"

"Yes, and cotton. I cultivate nearly the whole island."

He stopped himself, and held out his notes impatiently.

The doctor took them, and counted them slowly.

"This is not enough," he said.

The cotton-grower started. He had thought his offer a sensational one.

"All right, you can have it doubled in four hours," he said, recovering himself. "Only give me the elixir quickly."

The agent smiled again.

"I do not want money, Mr. D'Alton," he said, and stood coolly enjoying the other man's evident astonishment.

"You know my name?" said the latter, looking uneasy.

"Yes; as you would know mine, if I mentioned it. I also know, Mr. D'Alton, why you left England, and made an exile of yourself in Akubai."

"Indeed?" Mr. D'Alton had turned deathly pale, but answered quietly enough.

"Yes, you ran away from England because you had murdered a man—my brother!" The agent had ceased smiling now, and his face was horrible in its expression of undisguised enmity.

His companion's white face still showed no other emotion.

"I killed him honestly in a duel," he said. "A duel into which Mr. Leslie Conway forced me against my will, and for the result of which he alone is responsible. In France, where I was born and bred, the duel is still held to be honorable. But your brother had not even the excuse of his training to justify his action in dragging me into the fight. I am sorry that I killed him, but I cannot consider myself responsible for his fate."

Mr. D'Alton's servants, one of whom, a negro, appeared, from his expression, to understand what his master and the agent were saying, stood looking on, silent and motionless. The doctor stood with teeth showing, and the knotted veins swelling on his temples. He broke into a discordant laugh when Mr. D'Alton finished his defence.

"You don't consider yourself responsible, don't you?" he laughed. "Then why did you not remain, and stand your trial like a man?"

"Because in England the duel is not recognised, and I should therefore have been considered guilty of murder. However, it is no use talking, since there is no chance of getting what I came for."

"The medicine?" said Conway. "Yes, there is, if you pay me my price."

"And your price?" asked the cotton-grower, his voice trembling with eagerness in spite of himself.

"Your promise to return to England, and take your trial for the murder of Leslie Conway."

D'Alton started, and the blood came into his face with a rush, and then left it white as before.

"Your medicine might not save her life after all," he said, thoughtfully.

The agent considered a little.

"In that case the promise should not hold," he said, when he had made up his mind.

"And what pledge do you require that I should keep my word, if your medicine succeeded in saving my daughter's life?"

"Oh! your word of honor would be enough," answered Conway, easily.

"And you will give me the bottle of elixir, if I pledge you my word, in case my daughter recovers, to return to England, and take my trial?"

"Yes."

The agent spoke eagerly. He had a revengeful nature evidently, and had brooded over his brother's death.

"I will do more," he went on. "Now I have an object in curing Miss D'Alton, I will devote all my skill to doing so, and give you other efficacious drugs besides. Give me your word, and I will prepare them at once."

The negro, who understood English, plucked at his master's holland coat, but D'Alton shook him off, and advanced to the doctor with open palm.

"I give you my word. Here is my hand on it. Be quick with the drugs, or we shall be too late, and you will lose your revenge."

Conway took his hand back quickly after D'Alton's had clasped it, and retired into the inner room of his hut, partitioned off with rattan-thatch, to prepare his drugs, taking the precious bottle of elixir with him.

He came back in a few minutes.

"It will take time to prepare," he said. "You had better take the elixir at once, and leave one of your servants to follow with the powder I am mixing."

He held out the bottle, for the possession of which the Papuan had risked and lost his life, and the cotton-grower took it eagerly. Then he gave a few words of command to one of his followers, an Aru man, and accompanied by the rest, walked through the crowd of savages outside, and down to the beach, where his prau was moored.

* * * * * *

The Island of Akubai is the most beautiful in the Aru Group. Great trees overhang the white sanded beach, their trunks and branches covered with ferns.

The cotton-fields stretched round the great one-storied house of Mr. D'Alton, who ruled as a sort of petty king in the island. His house crowned the summit of a hill in the centre, and all round it was the forest, like a girdle stretching down to the sea. From the house to the bay a path had been cut, but the forest was always trying to devour it, and passage along it was toilsome.

Mr. D'Alton having reached the bay, and sent back the prau for the man who had remained behind at Dobbo, sent forward his most trusted servant, the negro Kobbi, who was a practised runner, to take the medicine to the house, that his daughter might take it at once, if she were still alive.

Before sending on the negro, he had arranged a signal by which he might learn a little earlier as he approached the house, whether the elixir had arrived in tone.

If Miss D'Alton was alive, Kobbi was to raise the flag above the house as soon as he reached home.

When the anxious father gained a point at which above the trees he could catch a first glimpse of the flag flying, he uttered a sigh of relief, and stopped to rest a little after his hurried and arduous journey. All that he had been fearing was that the elixir would not arrive in time. Now that he felt, it had, his relief was very great, and his spirits became quite buoyant. His faith in the medicine was great, and it seemed to him that his beloved Coralie was already out of danger. He hurried now no longer. Instead of being anxious to reach the house, he was almost afraid to do so, unconsciously nervous lest the sight of his daughter should lessen the high hopes which he was building in his heart. He dreaded, too, to look on again at the sufferings which he was unable to alleviate. The idea of doing something to ensure his daughter's recovery was much more pleasant to him; and he decided, now that his primary anxiety was satisfied, to return to the shore, and hasten the delivery of the agent's drug which was to ensure the invalid's recovery.

With this idea in his mind, Mr. D'Alton turned and began to retrace his steps along the two hours' journey to the bay. Before he reached it, he met the men who had taken the prau back to Dobbo. At their head was the Aru servant who had remained for the drug, marching along with a look of the greatest importance on his shiny black face.

His master approached him quickly.

"You have brought the powder?"

"Yes, master."

He handed him with great ceremony a sealed envelope.

D'Alton tore it open, and was nervously afraid when he saw that it contained only a letter—an apology, perhaps—if any reason had made it impossible for Conway to supply the drug. The men stood in a group, watching his face as he read through the letter, noting how pale it turned as he went on. Then the nearest sprang forward just in time to catch his master in his arms. For the poor cotton-grower had fainted.

This is what he read:

"DEAR MR. D'ALTON:—"By this time you will have administered a dose to your daughter, and will be wondering at its effect. The thought of your wonder and conste nation gives me the keenest delight, a delight which you will understand when I tell you that the man you murdered was fully as dear to me as your child appears to be to you. The ruling impulse of my life since his death has been to avenge it, and I bless the cha ce which made us meet, and which placed in my hands the power of taking such a delicious vengeance. That vengeance is rendered all the sweeter to the fact that had you not come to me, your daughter would, in all probability, have recovered. In all cases in which the 'Black-fire' had attacked Europeans, they have easily shaken off the disease with the help of a little quinine. Of course, my wonderful elixir is little more than quinine itself, but I was within the truth in speaking of its effect on the natives. If I had given it to you in the form in which I sell it to the natives, it would have done your daughter good, no doubt. So equally would a dose from your own medicine-chest. Why then, you ask, has your daughter died after taking it? Simply because the bottle I gave you contained strychnine enough to kill half-a dozen people. You do not think I was fool enough to believe in your promise to return to England? Even if you did, there would be a chance of your being judged leniently and cheating me of my revenge. To kill your daughter is a much surer way of enjoying it, and makes matters even between us.

"Hoping that you will suffer as much as I suffered through your crime,

"I am, "Still your enemy,

"W. J. CONWAY."

* * * * * *

The servants had carried the cotton-grower some distance towards the house before he recovered consciousness, and then waving aside their offered assistance, he walked before them like a man in a dream. He had no hope of reaching his daughter in time to prevent the fatal draught being given which would take her life. His instructions to the negro had been urgent, and the negro could be trusted to obey them implicitly. Miss D'Alton was to receive the elixir the moment he reached the house with it.

Kobbi came out to meet him as he approached the house, above which the flag, with its sinister meaning now, was still flying.

The negro fell down at his master's feet.

"Oh! master, kill me. It was I who did it, though I did not know. Kill me kill me."

D'Alton passed him without a word, and strode through the creeper-covered baloony into Coralie's room.

He was surprised to find her still alive, but the sight gave him little relief, for the bottle which had contained the agent's poisoned elixir was standing empty at the side of her bamboo-supported mattress. It seemed from her face, from the way in which she recognized him, as if she were better, but to the despairing father it was only a sign that the poison was slow in beginning its work.

"Oh, father!" she said, excitedly, as he he bent over her. "You must not blame Kobbi. I made him tell me. And now he blames himself so much, and says that he has killed me."

"Made him tell you what, darling?" said the cotton-grower, forcing himself to speak calmly, as he knelt by her side.

"What the horrible doctor made you promise. Oh, father! you did not think that I could let you suffer like that for me."

He father shook his head.

"His medicine will not cure you, darling."

"No, no! I would not let it," she said. "But you are not angry with me, father: or with Kobbi for telling me?"

"Angry with you, Coralie; what for?"

"For pouring it all away. I was afraid you make me drink it when you came, and I would not let it cure me for the world."

"No, I am not angry," he said, at last, speaking quite joyously. "We must try and make you better with a dose of quinine; the man said that his medicine was little more."

* * * * * *

And so the agent did not have his revenge after all; and although Coralie recovered, her father remained in his paradise at Akubai.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN EXCESS.—An Act was passed in the reign of Edward III. enjoining carters, ploughmen and farm laborers generally not to eat or drink to excess.

A CURIOUS CHEAT.—The unrolling of an Egyptian mummy, supposed to be that of a princess, disclosed a curious cheat. The priests who did the embalming probably spoiled or mislaid the body entrusted to them, and for it substituted that of an ordinary negro man.

AN HONOR.—A puma which arrived not long ago at the London "Zoo" from South America has been accorded the name of "Gladstone." Only on two occasions has this distinction been equalled—when the names of "Robert Lowe" and "Stephen Cave" were given to a brace of "four-footers." It may be added that at the "Zoo" the bestowal of a name, however well known, is looked upon as a tribute of honor and distinction.

VISITING CARDS.—Visiting cards are not altogether a modern invention—at any rate, in China, where they have been in vogue for the last thousand years. There one must not only leave cards on all one's friends, but the cards must vary in size and color, according to the rank and importance of those for whom they are destined. A few years ago a general in the Chinese Army received a visiting-card, printed in pink and adorned with numerous illustrations, which measured no less than seventy-two yards in length.

WHO WAS THE MARTYR OF ALGIERS?—In the sixteenth century the town of Oran on the north coast of Algeria was held by the Spaniards. Between the Christian garrison of the place and the Barbary pirates there was frequent warfare, and it was during a sally from the town that several Moors were captured, among them a mere child, who was baptised into the Christian Church by the name of Geronime. When eight years old he was carried off by some Arabs who managed to escape from Oran during a panic caused by the Plague. Restored to his parents he turned Moslem again. At the age of twenty-five, however, of his own accord he went back to Oran and entered the household of Juan Caro, from which he had been removed seventeen years before. Once more he become Christian, married one of Caro's slaves, joined the army, and lived happily for ten years. Then in 1569, he took part in an expedition against the corsairs. The pirates won the day, captured Geronimo among others, and conveyed the prisoners to Algiers. As one who had renounced the Moslem faith they dealt very bitterly with him. They required him either to renounce Christianity at once or suffer death. He chose the latter and met his fate bravely. They devised a cruel torture for him, building his dead body in the wall of a fortress. This happened on September 18th, 1569. On the 27th of December, 1858, this fort was being down, and Geronimo's skeleton was found in the ruins. His remains were removed to the cathedral of St. Philip, and reverently buried there. Geronimo's memory, however, has always been cherished as the martyr of Algiers.

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

plained, unconscious of the shuddering horror in her eyes. "Just hold out your arm——"

"Oh, throw it away at once! It's horrid!" she grasped. "I'd rather die than have it near me!"

He stared at her.

"Why, it's the best thing in the world," he explained. "Prize-fighters always use it; they do indeed."

"I'm not a prize-fighter, and I tell you I won't have it near me. Throw it away, or I'll go in and never speak to you ever more."

"Oh, very well," he said, with a shrug that beautfully expressed a boy's disgust and contempt for a girl's unreasonableness, and he pitched the objectionable piece of meat over the hedge.

"Did you bring the book?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, and he lugged it out of his pocket.

"Wipe your hands!" she commanded him.

"What for?"

"Why, you have been touching that horribleness——"

"Oh, all right," he assented patiently. "By George! I've forgotten my pocket-handkerchief."

"Here, take this," and she held out hers.

He wiped his hands, remarking—

"They're quite clean, all the same," and held out the handkerchief to her; but she declined it with a shake of the head.

"You can keep it. I wouldn't touch it for worlds."

"You're mighty particular," he said. "But you're a girl, and can't help it, I suppose," and he stuffed the little handkerchief in his pocket, where it must have been rather astonished at its companions—a piece of string, two broken cigarettes, a penknife, and a dilapidated stick of chocolate.

Then he opened the book, and they looked over it together.

"It's better than yours, isn't it?" he said, with profound satisfaction. "We've got a lot of other jolly books, but I like 'Robinson Crusoe' the best; don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Most of the other books have got love stories in them."

"You don't like them?"

"No," she said, with a grave contempt. "The people talk such rubbish. They make me laugh."

"But I suppose there's something in it," he remarked, looking straight before him. "I expect if you were older you'd like it just as other people do."

She drew herself up, and looked down at him.

"Do you know how old I am?"

He scanned her face with all a boy's directness, and yet a sense of her beauty must have stirred within him, for his eyes wandered from her wonderful ones round the garden, and then, as if unwillingly, back to them again.

"No," he said at last. "Girls' ages are difficult to tell."

"I'm fifteen," she said haughtily.

"Oh! that's nothing," he retorted. "I'm sixteen."

She looked him over.

"You don't seem very much older than I am," she remarked sagaciously.

"No, I don't," he admitted, "but—but, well I am."

This was unanswerable, and for a moment there was silence; then she said apropos of nothing—

"I told you my name last night."

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me yours?"

"You didn't ask me," he retorted ingeniously."

"Well, I ask you now," she said with an admirably-feigned indifference.

"Norman Eldred Beauchamp Fitzgeorge Lechmere," he said.

"Is that all?" she asked, with a twinkle in the gray-blue eyes.

He colored.

"Oh, it's easy to chaff a poor beggar about his name, as if he could help it. I didn't choose 'em. It's awful rot, giving a fellow such a string——"

"Like a bead necklace," she interjected.

"If they'd called me Robinson, or Friday, now there'd have been some sense in it."

"Never mind," she said.

"You can call me which you like best," he said generously.

"Thank you, but I can't remember more than the first, and that's rather pretty, I think."

"All right," he said. "And—and may I call you Madge?"

"If you like," she assented indifferently.

"Thank you. It's a pretty name."

There was another pause; then she said, "And are you going to stay here long?"

"I don't know," he replied thoughtfully. "I may be packed off any moment. Yesterday, in the morning, I wished they'd let me go, for it was awfully slack, all alone in the house there, but"—he looked round as if he were rather puzzled by himself—"but since then I've rather wanted to stay."

She thought over this for a second or two.

"And why are you all alone there?" she asked.

He grinned.

"Because there's nobody with me."

"That's clever, you think," she remarked, curving her delicately-cut upper lip. "Anybody could have said that."

"I know. I beg your pardon. I meant that the earl doesn't show up much. He keeps to his own rooms. I've only seen him once since I came, and then only for a few moments, and there's nothing to do, and no one to talk to, and the whole place is like—like a church, it's all so quiet and glum. And the butler and the rest of the servants look at you as if they expected you might go off bang like a firework any moment."

"I see. Then you won't come again?"

"Well, I don't know," he said. "There, that's the best picture in the book, where he's firing at the savages. Jolly, isn't it? I should have liked to have been there, shouldn't you? Oh, about coming to the Chase again. I don't know. Yesterday I thought I shouldn't, that wild horses wouldn't drag me here if I could help it; but I don't know. Yes, I shouldn't mind coming back—that is, if—if you were here still. But I suppose you wouldn't be?"

"Oh, yes I should," she said.

"Well, you mightn't be; you never can tell. Besides, I mightn't come again for some time, and then—well, perhaps it would be all different."

"How different?" she asked, as she turned over the leaves of the book which they held between them.

"Well, you'd be grown up, for one thing, and very likely you'd be married."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't," she said, decisively.

He shook his head doubtfully.

"Girls always are when they're grown up, that's the worst of it."

"Not more than boys—they couldn't be," she retorted, with feminine logic.

He laughed.

"Oh, that's all right. But I should hate to come back and find you were married."

"Should you?" she said dreamily, but with not an atom of coquetry.

"Yes," he said—a pause. "I shouldn't mind marrying you myself."

She did not blush—why should she? It was so entirely a business-like and unsentimental admission.

"Should you not?"

"No," he said, and he looked at her with a pleased, a frankly-satisfied admiration. "I think you are the jolliest girl I ever met. Most girls have such nonsense about them, they're so stuck-up and affected. Now you——oh, you're more like a boy, you know."

"Am I?" thoughtfully.

"Yes." A pause. "I say——"

"Well?"

He leant his head on his arm, resting along the back of the seat, and looked at her with a frank eagerness, as if a splendid idea had just struck him, an idea of which he was not unreasonably proud.

"I tell you what! I'll make a bargain with you, if you like. But"—with a sudden qualm of modesty—"I'm afraid you won't like it."

As he was speaking the thin, lank form of Silas Fletcher came softly along the path on the other side of the shrubbery. He evidently caught the sound of their voices, for he stopped and listened. Then with a cautious glance over the wide expanse of the great gardens, he slid into the bushes and softly, cunningly insinuated himself as near as possible to the rustic seat. His face, framed by the leaves, bore a remarkable likeness to the conventional Satyr, save that no Satyr ever wore so sinister and ugly an expression."

"What is it?" asked Madge. "I can't say till you tell me."

"Well, it's this," he responded with only the slightest hesitation. "I was going to say that if you'd promise to stop here and not alter——"

"Not grow up?"

"Oh, if you're going to laugh and make game of it——!" he exclaimed with momentary pettishness.

"No, no; go on."

"If you'll stop here and wait for me I'll come back some day, and—and—— You are not laughing?"

She shook her head, her lovely eyes resting on his innocently, waitingly.

"Well—I'll marry you."

She neither started nor blushed. She did not even laugh, but regarded him for awhile gravely, steadily, so that he felt fascinated by the glory of the gray-blue eyes under their black lashes. Then, silently, she looked away from him.

"You don't like the idea," he said, with a crestfallen air. "I'm—I'm sorry, because——"

He stopped, and she turned her eyes upon him questioningly.

"Because I like you very much. I do, indeed," eagerly. "I think you're the jolliest girl I've ever met, and—and I'm sure we should get on well together; that is if—if you think you could like me a little."

She still remained silent.

"Of course, you don't know much about me," he went on quickly, as if to anticipate her objection; "and I don't know that I'm up to much. I'm an awful duffer for work; I'm only in the third form, but I was captain of the third eleven"—which a subdued air of pride—"and I won the first swimming prize. But I suppose a girl doesn't care about that sort of thing."

"Yes, she does. I do," she said gravely.

"Well?" he said eagerly, and he took

her arm, as he would have taken that of a boy with whom he was anxious to conclude a bargain, "what do you say, Madge? Will you wait till I come back and marry me?"

She hesitated—well, scarcely so much hesitated as reflected—for a moment; then she nodded with girlish gravity.

"Very well," she said.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed, and he flung up the book and laughed. "That's a bargain, then! Here, let us shake hands on it."

She held out her hand, and he took it and wrung it so hard that she winced.

As she did so the bushes parted and Silas Fletcher stood before them. Neither Madge nor Norman started. Why should they have done? But the latter looked at the intruder with angry surprise.

"Hallo," he said. "What do you want? Come to fight it out?"

"No, my lord," said Silas, in his thin voice. "The earl wants your lordship."

"Oh, does he?" said Norman. "Well, tell him I'm coming."

Silas Fletcher did not move.

"The earl wants your lordship at once," he said in the same impassive voice.

"Oh, very well."

He got up and nodded at Madge.

"I'll be back directly," he said, and running to the gate, vaulted over and disappeared.

Silas Fletcher stood shuffling the gravel path with the toe of his boot, and rubbing his thin moist hands behind his back, while he regarded the girl's face covertly.

She picked up the book and appeared to be absorbed in reading for a minute or two; then she looked up.

"Well, Silas Fletcher, what are you waiting for?" she asked coldly.

He moistened his thin lips.

"I thought you might want to speak to me, Miss Madge," he said meekly, cringingly.

"Well, I don't," she said, and returned to her book.

But presently, without looking up, she said—

"Who was that who has just gone?"

He eyed her with a sneer.

"Of course you don't know—oh, of course not."

"I don't know!" she said indignantly. "Who was it?"

"Lord Norman, Viscount Lechmere, the earl's nephew," he said.

She did not seem much impressed; a little, perhaps, but a little only. She was fifteen, and had not yet learned to worship a title.

"Of course you didn't know!" he repeated with a more pronounced sneer. And it was wonderful how much more ugly and repellant the sneer made his unprepossessing countenance.

"You wouldn't have sat there talking and reading with him if he hadn't been a lord. You wouldn't talk to and look at books with me—no, because I'm not a swell like Lord Norman."

"No, I wouldn't!" she said with the sudden passion of a young girl. "I wouldn't, because you're—you're ugly and I hate you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PREFERRED A PLUG.—Two ladies, sitting in a car, were talking about dogs.

"I don't know one kind of a dog from another," remarked one. "They are all either little or big dogs to me; but if I have a preference it is for one of those noble mustangs, that are such fine watch-dogs."

"While I prefer a plug," said the other lady. "It's the only dog that really interests me."

AT AN EGYPTIAN WEDDING.—An invitation to an Egyptian wedding should never be declined if one wishes to see something novel and interesting; and the high-class Egyptians are much flattered and honored if Europeans attend these entertainments.

One of their reasons for welcoming European women is that this is one of the few opportunities which the male Egyptians have to dance and talk to ladies—a rare treat for them. The men are, on the whole, well educated and intelligent. They usually speak English, and are all conversant with French.

Then, too, the European woman has an opportunity to visit the harem and penetrate the interior of that mysterious spot. Here one sees the native women without their veils, and in all the splendor of their jewels, of which they are exceedingly fond; and that is one of the very few chances which they have of displaying their possessions to each other.

The little bride of fifteen, at a recent wedding, had among her wedding-gifts three diamond tiaras and fifty-six shawls! Her bedroom, which she furnished herself, was very beautiful, and, among other luxurious appointments, were cut-glass bowls and pitchers on the wash-stand, fine linen towels heavily embroidered with gold, a silver toilet-set on the dressing-table, and, on the little table by the bed, a gold tray, with gold pitcher and cups to match, and many other modern European articles about the room, which plainly shows that the Egyptian woman of to-day is progressing in some directions at least, notwithstanding her limited environment.

There is no church ceremony for the bride: the groom goes to the mosque and prays, she meanwhile waiting for his return, seated on a throne in her apartment, and gazed at by many women.

When the bridegroom came, at the wedding referred to above, the little trembling bride arose, her veil was put over her face, and from an opposite door the procession entered—eunuchs carrying torches, singing-women, and then the groom, dressed in a conventional modern European dress-suit. He was a good-looking fellow of twenty-two years. He had been educated in France, and had imbibed many progressive ideas. He advanced to the bride and raised her veil, seeing thus her face for the first time (what an anxious moment!), looked at her intently for a few seconds, and bent over and kissed her.

The friends then stepped forward and offered their congratulations. Those who were free to do so went downstairs, guided by the eunuchs through many intricate passages, and opening a number of heavily-bolted gates, until they reached the main part of the palace, where the military band was playing, and supper was served for one thousand persons.

AN EFFECTIVE PREVENTIVE.—"I once knew a family in Missouri," said a man returned from the West, "who seemed to have a very effective, simple preventive of chills and fever. All the neighbors about suffered from ague, but these folks, with a house full of children, escaped it. I always ascribed it to the fact that a hearth fire was lighted every day, winter or summer, about dusk, so that the damp of evening was taken from the atmosphere indoors. The neighbors took no such precaution."

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND RACKED by a persistent Cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

Scientific and Useful.

HOARSENESS.—A baked lemon is an excellent remedy for hoarseness.

WOODEN PIPES.—Wooden water-pipes can be made impervious to water by immersion in hot asphalt for a few minutes, the asphalt being drained out. Hot paraffin wax may also be used.

SAVED TIME.—The value of electric light as a saver of time and money is strikingly illustrated in a return just made of the average time time occupied by ships in passthrough the Suez canal. With the electric light the journey is accomplished in eight minutes under 20 hours. Without the light 31 hours and 24 minutes is the time usually required.

LEATHER.—Chairs and sofas upholstered with leather last much longer if the leather is regularly revived with the following mixture—it cleans the leather, and will at the same time soften it, and prevents cracking. Take one part of best vinegar and two parts of boiled linseed oil, and shake well together. Apply a little on a soft rag, and afterwards polish with a silk duster or an old chamois leather. The leather of chairs should be as regularly polished as their woodwork.

CORK BUFFERS.—India-rubber as a material for the buffers of railway carriages failed to realise the anticipations that were formed of it, being found speedily to have its elasticity impaired under great pressure. Cork, even of an inferior kind, subjected to a slight preparatory process, proves far superior. To render it soft and permanently moist it is soaked in a mixture of molasses and water. It is then cut into discs having a hole in the centre. These are placed in a cylindrical cast-iron box, and a flat-iron disc laid over them. They are next subjected to sufficent hydraulic pressure to reduce their thickness one half.

Farm and Garden.

THE CHICKENS.—See that you have a sunny window and a dry floor in the henhouse this winter. A damp floor and a dark room are fatal to success. Sun and warmth and dryness will ensure good health, cheaper feeding, more eggs.

THOROUGHBREDS.—Better buy thoroughbred eggs or fowls than try to grade up the common stock, because it saves time, and going up hill is not half so easy as going down. A little neglect will make scrubs out of some of the best soon enough.

THE STOCK FARM.—Nothing can be more beautiful or picturesque, says a writer, than a well-managed stock farm without a scrub cow, sheep, hog, horse or fowl, with green pastures and verdant meadows, level plains and sloping hillsides.

HORSES.—There's no place where brain power, intelligently directed, will return a larger per cent. of interest than in training and developing horses. Undeveloped, a horse sells to-day at less than pork price, but in proportion to development values rapidly increase.

BUTTER.—Butter canned and hermetically sealed will be one of the articles of commerce before long. Canned butter is quite as practicable as canned lard or peaches. Thus sealed up, butter of the first-class can be shipped to any country from the equator to the poles and opened and eaten in good condition.

POWER.—The windmill and the brook water wheel are yet to be harnessed for electricity, and the grain threshed, the wood sawed, feed cut, water pumped, house lighted and heated without extra cost. The water power on or near every farm will transmit its force over a wire to every field and building, and save untold labor.

TEMPER.—A man with a high temper, says a writer, if it is uncontrollable, has no business with a cow. The man who mercilessly kicks a cow cannot possibly succeed, for his rough treatment will more than offset all he builds up by extra feeding. If he would be content to kick the side of the barn, or even himself, it would be more sensible, and his end would be gained just as well.

LIFE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Life with you is a beautiful dream,
As time goes on in its flow;
Youth's summer that was so fair and bright,
Grows soft in the after-glow.

Life with you is a beautiful dream,
In it lies naught of regret;
The years go on in their peaceful tide,
As they did when first we met.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

LYRA sat beside her father all that night. When trouble comes it comes in battalions and not in single spies, and this trouble of her father's strange and sudden illness, following so closely on the discovery of her love for, and loss of, Dane, confused and bewildered her.

The doctor whom Griffith brought from Yarnstaple was no better and no worse than the usual run of medicos, but he was an honest man, and he owned himself puzzled. He couldn't account for the fainting fit; the heart was weak, he said to Mr. Chandos, as the heart of a man who pores over books and takes no exercise must be; but he, the doctor, was inclined to think that there must have been some mental disturbance. Did he, Mr. Geoffrey Barle, know of any matter that might be troubling the sick man?

Mr. Chandos shook his head, and looked round the parlor in which he and the doctor were talking.

"No," he said. "I should say there was nothing whatever to trouble Mr. Chester. He leads a remarkably quiet and reposeful life, as you imagine; and appears to be singularly happy and contented in the society of his daughter and his beloved books."

"You are a friend of the family?" asked the doctor, as he pulled on his driving gloves.

"Yes," said Mr. Chandos blandly. "I am here on a visit, have been detained by an accident to my foot, and of course—of course I shall remain while I can be of any service."

"Quite right; very good of you, my dear sir," said the simple-minded doctor, who thought Mr. Geoffrey Barle a very nice man indeed, a very kind-hearted considerate man in fact. "You can be of the greatest service. It seems to me that the poor young lady upstairs is singularly lonely and friendless. Yes, stay by all means."

Lyra held her father's hand all night. He did not seem to be in any pain, and he slept at intervals; but in his sleep he moaned as if something was troubling him; and once he breathed her name, pityingly, lovingly.

When he woke in the early morning his eyes turned to her, and he sighed deeply.

"Lyra," he murmured in a hallow voice, "are you there? I—I have something to tell you——"

"No, no, dear," she said, laying her face against his. "You must not talk; you shall tell me when you are better—when you are quite well. You must do nothing but sleep and rest now." And she kissed and soothed him.

Mr. Chester was a weak man in every sense of the word, and grasped at the chance of postponing the confession of his folly. So he turned away from her with a stifled groan and closed his eyes.

For three days he lay thus, and Lyra scarcely left his bedside. On the fourth he was well enough to leave his bed, but it was a feeble and broken man—the shadow of even his former weak and feeble self—who sat beside the window looking over the Yaw, his head sunk on his breast, his eyes fixed on vacancy, yet with an expression in them as if he were waiting for some great sorrow.

And during this time Mr. Chandos behaved still like a ministering angel. He lost his limp and went into Yardstaple for jellies and other delicacies, sat beside the old man and read to him, and in every way played the part of the devoted and self sacrificing friend. Even Griffith, who hovered about the place uneasy and troubled, and sometimes entered the sick room, was forced to admit with a grunt that Mr. Barle was behaving very well, and was not such a fool as he, Griffith, thought him.

The doctor came and looked at the old man, with the queer inscrutable expression which doctors seem to acquire as part of their profession, and said, "Yes, he was getting better," and sent him tonics and spoke hopefully to Lyra, but he was graver and less cheerful with Mr. Chandos.

"He is very weak, Mr. Barle," he said; "very. I can't help thinking that there is something on his mind. He seems to be always brooding. I don't like to ask Miss Chester—by-the-way, she must take more rest or she'll break down. She is strong, I know, but this perpetual anxiety——"

"I will see that she has some rest," said Mr. Chandos. "I know that she is doing too much, but I will put a stop to it. Mary and I can relieve her. Yes, I will see that she has more rest."

And he spoke with such sympathetic consideration that the doctor went away confirmed in his opinion that Mr. Geoffrey Barle was a nice, unselfish man and true friend.

That afternoon Mr. Chandos whispered softly to Lyra, who sat beside her father, holding his hand and looking—as he was looking—over the Yaw.

"Will you come into the garden for a little while, Miss Lyra?"

Lyra glanced at her father.

"I cannot leave him," she said in a low voice. "He misses me if I go away for even a few minutes."

"You must come, please," he said with gentle persuasion. "I—there is something I want to say to you. Mary will stay with him."

Lyra got up reluctantly and went downstairs and into the garden. She had not left the house for four days, and the scent of the roses and the pinks came upon her with a peculiar sense of strangeness. It seemed weeks, months, since she had stood in the garden with Lord Dane by her side. She went and sat down on the rustic seat behind the hedge, and as she looked round with sad, dreamy eyes, the morning she and Dane had sat there and talked together came back to her as vividly as if it had been only yesterday.

Mr. Chandos' voice woke her from her reverie and dispelled the vision.

"You are making yourself ill, dear Miss Lyra," he said in his soft voice. "That will not do, indeed it will not! If you were to break down I do not know what we should all do! You must take more rest——"

Lyra turned her sad eyes upon him absently.

"I am quite well," she said. "I am very strong, stronger than you think. Do you think my father is getting better?" she asked with tremulous eagerness. "Please, please tell me the truth!"

"Yes, yes," he said. "Oh yes, he is getting better. He is very ill, as a man must be who has suffered such a shock as he suffered."

"Shock?" said Lyra, starting slightly, her eyes fixed on him anxiously. "What shock—oh! what do you mean, Mr. Barle?"

Mr. Chandos looked aside as if he had been guilty of a slip of the tongue.

"I—er—tut, tut—I did not mean——" he faltered.

Lyra put her hand on his arm.

"You did not mean to say that? You know something about my father's illness! You are trying to keep something from me! Ah, do not, do not! Tell me, please! Are you afraid I cannot bear it? You need not be! I can bear anything but this uncertainty—suspense——"

Mr. Chandos, with still averted eyes, let his hand fall upon her arm and, pressed it soothingly, encouragingly.

"I ought to have been more careful!" he murmured. "I have tried—indeed I have tried—to conceal it from you, to keep you in ignorance——"

"What is it you have tried to keep from me?" said Lyra, looking anxiously into his averted face. "Why should you keep me in ignorance? I am his daughter, and—and I am not a child! What is it?"

"One always desires to keep trouble—the shadow of trouble—from falling on those one lov—likes," murmured the sympathetic Chandos.

Lyra's hand dropped, but her eyes still scanned his face.

"You have no right to keep anything from me," she said with sad dignity. "If you know the cause of my father's illness—if you know of anything that is troubling him, you should tell me. Tell me, at once, please!"

"I—I only heard it by accident," murmured Mr. Chandos humbly, "and if I have kept it from you it was from a desire to shield you——"

"There is something that troubles him!" murmured Lyra more to herself than him. "Tell me, please, Mr. Barle! I will, I must know! Has anything happened—is anyone dead?"

"No, no," he said. "It is a money trouble, dear Miss Lyra."

"A money trouble!" she echoed, looking at him with a confused, bewildered expression on her lovely face.

"Yes," he said with a sigh. "A serious trouble. But don't be alarmed, I——"

"Tell me, tell me!" she said tremulously.

Mr. Chandos shook his head sympathetically.

"Your father is in want of a large sum of money, dear Miss Lyra. A creditor, a hard-hearted creditor, is pressing him for a large sum—five hundred pounds—which it appears your father borrowed some years ago, and seems to have almost forgotten."

"Well?" said Lyra. "Can he not pay it? If he borrowed it he can pay it!" and there was a touch of pride in her voice.

Mr. Chandos shook his head.

"Alas! I fear not. Indeed, I am sure he cannot, and it is this that crushing him and keeping him ill."

"My father——" her voice broke, "my father cannot pay his debts!"

Mr. Chandos shook his head and sighed.

"I fear not. Do not blame him, dear Miss Lyra——"

"Blame him!" The idea was a sacrilege.

"But of course you will not. He has been unfortunate. We are all of us unfortunate in money matters at times. His investments have gone wrong; they will, they do, just when it is most inconvenient. But you understand now what it is that is troubling him. It is a terrible prospect for a man of his age."

"Terrible prospect," she echoed, gazing at him, her hands tightly clasped.

"Yes," he murmured. "To have one's home sold over one's head, to be turned adrift into the world, an old and feeble man——"

Lyra rose with a cry—a low, but terrible cry—her hands stretched out before her; then sank into the seat again.

Mr. Chandos watched her.

"My dear, dear Miss Lyra," he murmured, with deepest sympathy, "don't take it to heart so much! Pray, pray be calm! It is true it is terrible, dreadful to contemplate—an old man in his state of health, without home or money, or—friends. But I forget, you may have friends who will help you."

"Friends!" her voice sounded hollow and despairing. "No; I know of none! Oh, my poor father!" and she hid her face in her hands, but only for a moment.

"No?" murmured Mr. Chandos. "Are you sure? Dear, dear; this is very, dreadfully sad. It wrings my heart. Oh, something must be done, Miss Lyra!"

She scarcely heard him, and did not respond. He drew a little nearer, and touched her arm with the tip of his fingers.

"Miss Lyra, will you let me help you?"

"You?" She turned her wild, sorrow-laden eyes upon him.

"Yes, I. It is true I can scarcely dare to call myself by such a sacred name as friend, though——ah! if you could only see my heart——"

He paused dramatically, and laid his hand over the spot where that troublesome organ is generally placed.

"If you could only see my heart you would know how truly, how sympathetically it would throb for you! I would lay down my life for you; I would go to the stake to save you from an hour's, a moment's unhappiness. Lyra, you must know, you cannot be ignorant of the fact, that I—I love you?"

Lyra still gazed before her, with wild sorrow-laden eyes. He drew a little closer to her.

"I love you with all my heart and soul. You are my goddess—my queen, my chief rose in a garden of roses."

A glimmer of the meaning of his words began to dawn upon her. She shrank from him slightly.

"I love you!" he went on, sidling after her, his pale-blue eyes glowing, his lips working in his earnestness, for at that moment Mr. Chandos was as earnest in the pursuit of his prey as Dane would have been after grizzlies in the Rockies.

"You—love me?" The words fell from her lips mechanically, and she looked at him with wild amazement.

"Yes; yes a hundred times! Don't speak; listen to me! Wait till I have told you all! Lyra, I can help you, I can help your father, if—if you will give me the right to do so."

"The right!" She echoed the words, her hand to her forehead.

"Yes," he murmured, almost hoarsely, for Mr. Chandos was terribly in earnest. Her beauty sent the blood coursing through his veins, the hope, the chance of winning her, of getting her in his power, of seeing her soon at his feet, made his brain burn.

"Yes; the sweetest, the divinest right, Lyra. I am a poor man, but I can help your father—you—out of this strait. If matters are allowed to take their course he will be turned out of house and home. It will—alas! I fear it will kill him."

She leant back panting, her face deathly white.

"You know how weak, how ill he is. And this man, his creditor, is inexorable. He will have no pity. You, who do not know anything of the world, cannot imagine how heartless, how pitiless men can be where money is concerned! Yes; I fear it will kill him! But I can save him! I am a poor man, but I can raise this money, sufficient to ward off this danger. I can save your father, Lyra. Only give me the right. Lyra"—he took her hand, cold as ice, in his hot one—"Lyra, say that you will be my wife, and I will save your father!"

A shudder ran through her. She drew her hand from his, and drew her head, herself, away, as one would shrink from some loathsome reptile.

"Your—wife!" fell from her white lips and as she uttered the words there rose the vision of Dane—Dane, the man who had stolen the heart from her bosom. "Your wife!"

At the expression of her face, the tone of her voice, Mr. Chandos's own expression grew vicious, but he controlled it.

"Yes dearest, dearest Lyra. You cannot hesitate! You—you do not hate me?"

Lyra could not force a "No" to her lips.

"You will not refuse my aid," he went on, in a low, persuasive voice. "You, who love your father, will not stand by and see him cast out into the streets when one word, a simple "yes," will save him! Think! I will pay this money, I will take this awful burden from his shoulders, I will be his friend for life, if you will only promise to be my wife. See, Lyra, it rests with you. Your father's fate is in your hands!"

She bent forward, her hands clasped in her lap, her lovely eyes fixed in a wild, distraught gaze. Her father and—yes!—Dane rose before her like spectres. To be this man's wife! The horror of the idea benumbed her. This man's wife! To be his entirely, wholly! To be linked with him until she or he died! She shook and quivered with repugnance.

"What is your answer, Lyra dearest?" he murmured. "Do you refuse to save your father?"

He was wise to harp upon that, the principal string. It was irresistable.

She turned to him slowly, like a statue of stone imbued with the power of movement only.

"I—I will do what you wish," she panted almost inarticulately. "You—you will give my father this money; you will save him?"

"Yes, yes," he cried, unwisely putting his arm round her, for at his touch she shrank away from him, and scarcely refrained from thrusting him from her. "Yes, Lyra dearest, my own, my very own; I will get the money; the debt shall be paid; your father shall be spared any further anxiety. And you—ah, Lyra dear, dear Lyra!—I will try to make you happy. We will lead the sweetest and gayest of lives. We will go to Paris——"

She rose, clutching the arm of the seat, as if to fly from his touch.

"Tell—tell my father——" she panted.

"A moment, dearest," he said. "I—I think it would be as well if we kept the fact of our engagement a secret, even from him."

"A secret?" she said in a lifeless way.

"Yes," he murmured suavely. "Sit down, dear one, and listen to me."

She did not sit down, but stood, grasping the seat, her face turned from him.

"I—er—" Mr. Chandos cleared his throat—"there are reasons why our engagement—marriage should be kept secret," he said rather huskily, his pale-blue eyes watching her intently. "I am dependent upon a relative—an uncle—who—who might, probably would, refuse to consent to what he—he would consider an imprudent marriage. We—we shall have to be married quite quietly, er—in fact, I may say—secretly. Even your father must not—er—know of it. Do you mind, dearest? It is for your sake as well as my own that I say this."

Lyra shook her head in a dull, apathetic way.

Mr. Chandos moistened his lips.

"My dear Lyra, how sensible, how sweetly sensible you are! Yes, our marriage must be kept a close secret. I must think of a plan"—he knit his brows and looked thoughtful, as if his plan—his fiendish plan—were not already cut and dried—"by which we can keep the whole affair to ourselves. But leave that to me, dearest Lyra," She let her eyes fall on him. His face was flushed, his lips quivering. "Won't you—won't you let me give you one kiss, one betrothal kiss?"

She stood like a figure of stone, her beautiful face white as marble itself; then she moved statue-like towards him, but as he rose and approached her she drew back.

"Not—not yet; give me time," broke from her white lips, and, staggering like a person recovering from a swoon, she went into the house.

Mr. Chandos sank back into the seat, biting his lips.

"Oh, very well, very well, my dear," he muttered with a sinister smile of disappointment. "I can wait a little longer, a little longer."

He remained in the shelter for some minutes, smiling at times, at others gnawing at his lip—for Mr. Chandos was engaged in rather a dangerous game; then he went into the house and up to Mr. Chester's room.

The old man was lying back in his arm-chair, his eyes fixed on the window. Lyra was sitting at his feet, her head resting on his knee. She did not move as Mr. Chandos entered and came up to the chair.

"Mr. Chester," he said in his soft, suave voice—"Mr. Chester?"

Mr. Chester turned his wasted face and faded, care-worn eyes to him.

"You will be glad to hear," said Mr. Chandos in a voice of tender benevolence, "that the little matter that has been troubling you has been arranged."

Mr. Chester knit his brows with an expression of mental confusion.

"The matter——" he faltered in a thin, husky voice.

"The matter of the five hundred pounds—the bill," said Mr. Chandos, with a glance at Lyra's downcast face.

"The bill?" repeated Mr. Chester dully, vacantly.

"Yes. It will be settled—ahem!—at least, I have every reason to think it will will be. Will it not, Lyra?"

She raised her head slowly and looked up at her father, her eyes full of loving tenderness and self-sacrifice.

"Yes, father; yes!" she breathed, then her head sank upon his knee again.

That same evening Mr. Chandos walked over to Yarnstaple. It was by no means a chilly evening, but for reasons best known to himself he had the collar of his coat

turned up, and his poetic wide-a-wake tilted well over his forehead; and when, after several inquiries, he found 28, Clongate Street, and the door was opened to him, it was with quite a different voice to his ordinary one—a voice that one would almost have imagined was carefully disguised—that he asked for Mr. Robert Rawdon.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNTIDY, smutty-visaged slavey opened the door—a few inches only—of 28, Clongate Street, and stared at Mr. Chandos's muffled face.

"Is Mr. Robert Rawdon at home?" he asked in a carefully-disguised voice.

The girl peered at him suspiciously.

"I dunno," she said evasively. "What do 'ee want with him?" And she pushed the door closer with her slipshod foot.

Mr. Chandos stuck a shilling in between her grimy fingers.

"Perhaps you'll go and see?" he said blandly.

The girl put the shilling in her mouth and shut the door; but after a minute or two it was opened as cautiously as before, and Rawdon peered round.

"How do you do, Rawdon?" asked Mr. Chandos.

Rawdon started, but looked relieved.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" he said. "Come in. Be quick, please."

Mr. Chandos slipped in through the narrow opening, and Rawdon promptly closed the door and locked it.

"Hold on a minute," said Mr. Rawdon; "I'll get a light."

He disappeared, leaving Mr. Chandos in the dark and not particularly pleasant-smelling passage, and reappearred with a candle stuck in an empty gin-bottle.

"Come upstairs," he said.

Mr. Chandos followed him up a rickety staircase—very nearly treading on a remarkably dirty infant who was engaged in sucking the banisters—and entered a dingy room, which smelt of herrings, beer, and stale tobacco.

It was the shabbiest and most unsavory apartment the elegant Mr. Chandos had ever seen, and he held his breath and looked round appalled.

Rawdon drew a chair forward, one of those ingenious contrivances which provide a chair by day and a bed by night.

"Take a seat," he said. "Don't sit down too—too hard or suddenly."

Mr. Chandos arrested himself half way and looked round nervously.

"Oh, it's all right if you tolerably careful," said Rawdon reassuringly.

Mr. Chandos sat down gingerly, and clutched the arms as the chair creaked.

"It's very good of you to look me up," said Rawdon. "I'm sorry I haven't a better place to receive you in."

He looked round the room with a weary kind of disgust.

"Not at all," murmured Mr. Chandos pleasantly. "Honest poverty is always respectable, my dear Rawdon."

"Is it?" said Rawdon sardonically. "That's rot! Poverty, whether or honest the other thing, never is respectable. You know that as well as I do."

He reached for a pipe as he spoke, a black, grimy briar, and got out a pouch from his frayed pocket; but the pouch was empty, and he tossed it and the pipe on the mantelshelf.

Mr. Chandos watched his friend and former college chum with covert scrutiny. Mr. Robert Rawdon looked even more dissipated and ruffianish than he had on the night Mr. Chandos had met him in the street. His face was pale and haggard, with dark hollows under the eyes, and a crop of blue bristles round his chin, and his lips twitched nervously.

"I can't offer you any refreshment, Mr. Chandos," he said, sticking his hands in his pockets and leaning moodily against the grimy mantelpiece. "There isn't a thing to eat or drink in the house, or the room; for I've only got this room. You must take the will for the deed."

"Certainly—certainly," said Mr. Chandos amiably. "Perhaps—er—perhaps you would allow me to—to——" He drew some silver from his pocket, as he spoke, in a tentative way; but he need not have been so modest and hesitating.

"Allow you to stand treat?" said Rawdon, with a sort of bitter promptness. "Of course I will!"

Mr. Chandos laid half-a-crown on the table covered with a sticky cloth, and Rawdon took up the coin with an affected nonchalance.

"What shall it be?" he said, his eyes beginning to glisten with a thirsty eager look. "I'd suppose you'd like whisky, or brandy?" They sell very good gin at the pub round the corner, he added suggestively.

"Whatever you please. Let it be gin, as you recommend it, my dear Rawdon," said Mr. Chandos blandly.

Rawdon went to the door and called "Polly!" but in a rather subdued voice. The slipshod girl could be heard shuffling up the stairs, and a whispered colloquy ensued between her and Rawdon. "Mind, best Plymouth unsweetened! Here, I'll let you out," Mr. Chandos heard him say, and he also heard the key turned in the street door.

Rawdon waited in the passage for the girl's return, and Mr. Chandos passed the time in an examination of the room. Its dirt and squalor made him shudder.

"And there won't be a glass fit to drink out of," he murmured to himself plaintively; but he sank back carefully and smiled pleasantly as Rawdon entered, lovingly nursing a gin-bottle under his arm and carrying a jug of hot water.

"It's best hot," he said; "but you can have some cold water if you like."

"I prefer it hot, as you do," said Mr. Chandos. "Your house seems, indeed, to be a castle, my dear Rawdon," he remarked, sipping the steaming grog. "You take as many precautions with the front door as if it were the gate of a besieged fortress."

"So it is," said Rawdon, taking a great draught of the grog and filling up his glass with neat gin. "So it is," and he laughed a thick, defiant laugh. "It is besieged—by duns. I'm stone-stroke, and that's a fact, Chandos—clean stone stroke. I owe money everywhere; though how the deuce I've managed it I can't think, seeing that I never seem to have half enough to eat, and not a quarter enough to drink, and no new clothes. Poverty respectable! Hah, hah!" and he refilled his glass and laughed bitterly.

"I'm extremely sorry to see you in this plight, especially as it is undeserved, as I am sure it is."

Rawdon glared at him, suspecting sarcasm, but Mr. Chandos's expression was blandly sympathetic as he sipped his gin and water.

"Thanks," said Rawdon bluntly. "Very kind of you; but soft words butter no parsnips—not that I've any to butter, by the way. And so you've come to look me up, have you, just for old friendship's sake? 'Pon my soul, I didn't expect it of you."

Mr. Chandos's eyes fell.

"Did you not? You did me an injustice, my dear Rawdon. I never"—he lent forward, but hastily sat back as the chair creaked threateningly—"I never forget an old friend."

"Thanks," said Rawdon again, and more genially; hot gin and water has a mellowing influence, it is said.

"Yes," said the generous-hearted Mr. Chandos; "I am as pleased to visit you in this—er—not too luxurious apartment, my dear Rawdon as if you were snugly housed in some cosy country vicarage—as you ought to be."

"For heaven's sake don't harp on that string, and call up your past hopes and visions!" said Rawdon huskily. "Have a pipe? I told the girl to spend the change in 'bacca."

Mr. Chandos declined, and tried not to cough as Rawdon at once proceeded to fill the room with the fumes of a most potent shag.

"I thought you'd left the neighborhood," said Rawdon, sinking into a chair and leaning back, with his hand caressing the tumbler.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Chandos. "It is so beautiful, so picturesque, that I have been tempted to stay on, and—er—study it. Besides, I should not have thought of leaving it without coming to see you, and—er—pray forgive me, Rawdon—venturing to offer you some slight—ahem!—pecuniary assistance."

Rawdon stared at him, and flushed.

"You mean it?" he said, with some not very flattering astonishment. "I thought you were going to say, 'offer you some advice,' and, upon my word, if you had, I should have felt inclined to chuck this glass at you—it's empty. You really mean to give me a hand? Excuse my incredulity, but you refused to loan me a simple fiver the other night, you know."

"I had not my purse with me," said Chandos.

"Left it on the piano at the hotel; I see," said Rawdon. "Well, better late than never; and, by George! no poor devil ever wanted a friend more than I do, Chandos."

"I am afraid that is true," said Mr. Chandos. "Dear me! It seems as if it must be some other person than yourself sitting there in this—er—rather gloomy room. When I look back to the old college times—the wine parties, the private theatricals——"

"Don't look back if it hurts you," broke in Rawdon; "though it won't hurt you more than it hurts me. 'How much are you going to lend me, Chandos? 'Make it as much as you can."

Chandos looked down pensively and sighed.

"I want to be of some real, some lasting service to you, my dear Rawdon," he said. "I feel that a paltry five-pound note, such as you asked for the other night, cannot be of much use to you. It can only relieve your—er—poverty in the most temporary way."

"It will give me something to eat, drink, and smoke for a fortnight or more," remarked Rawdon laconically.

"Just so. And after?" murmured Mr. Chandos.

"After that the deluge!" exclaimed Rawdon with a laugh. "'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

Mr. Chandos shook his head with gentle rebuke.

"Ah, my dear friend; if you could only learn to think more of the future——"

Rawdon laughed sardonically.

"For heaven's sake, don't try and preach, Chandos!" he said. "You look too killingly funny. What is it you mean? What is it you're aiming at?"

Mr. Chandos seemed to ponder.

"Well, my dear Rawdon," he said, "I have been thinking over your sad fate, and it seems to me that with your brilliant attainments, with your ripe scholarship, and —er——"

"Gift of the gab."

"—Great oratorical powers," continued Mr. Chandos, "you ought to be able to carve out for yourself a new, perhaps a great, career in another sphere."

"Do you mean heaven or the other place?" asked Rawdon bluntly.

"I mean in one of our colonies, my dear Rawdon," said Mr. Chandos.

Rawdon laughed grimly.

"Thanks, I know. Steerage passage paid to Australia, New Zealand, anywhere; land with two pounds ten in your pocket; and when that's spent, take to breaking stones. Thanks, I can break stones here in England when I happen to take a fancy to that artistic industry."

"No, no, my dear Rawdon, you misunderstand me," said Mr. Chandos. "I meant nothing so—er—absurd. What I proposed to myself to offer you was a passage paid to one of our most flourishing colonies, and—er—sufficient capital to enable you to look around and find congenial employment."

Rawdon almost let his pipe drop out of his mouth, and stared at the benevolently smiling Mr. Chandos as if he could not believe his senses.

"You—you mean to do that for me?" he said huskily. "You—Chandos Armitage——I beg your pardon. But—well, good lord, it seems too good to be true; it seems—— How much did you mean to give—lend? I swear if things go right with me, I'll pay you back. I swear it, Chandos!"

"I am quite sure you will, my dear Rawdon," said Mr. Chandos sweetly. "I know your upright, honorable nature so well. How much? Well, do you think fifty pounds would be sufficient?"

Rawdon rose from his chair, and then sank down again. His face flushed, then turned pale, and there were tears in his bleared eyes, tears which owed their existence to the emotion of gratitude as well as hot gin and water.

"Fifty pounds," he said huskily. "My dear Chandos. But——" his voice broke and he started up again. "But this isn't a joke, a jest on your part, is it? You are not playing it down on me." A savage light gleamed in his eyes through the tears.

"No, no, sit down, I beg," said Chandos. "Er—ar—will you give me a little more of the—er—gin? It is excellent—excellent, and do look after yourself, my dear Rawdon."

Rawdon, with an unsteady hand, replenished the glasses, nearly filling his own, as Mr. Chandos noticed, with neat gin.

"As an earnest of my desire to help you, let me offer you a small loan to commence with."

He fumbled in his pocket.

"Tut, tut, I have left my purse at home. I had a five-pound note in it."

Rawdon began to laugh suspiciously, ironically.

"But I have some loose change." He laid a couple of sovereigns on the table and some silver. "That will keep you afloat until I can give you the remainder. You will not mind waiting a few days, my dear Rawdon?"

Rawdon picked up the money and turned it over, as if he expected it to transform itself into dead leaves, like the money in the "Arabian Nights" story; then, when he had quite realized that it was genuine coin of the realm he dropped it into his pocket, and sank into the chair with a sigh of amazement and gratitude combined.

"Mind waiting!" he said. "Of course not—that is, if it isn't too long. I could hold out here for a few days—a week. You don't expect me to pay my debts before I start, eh?" and he grinned.

Mr. Chandos looked down.

"I leave that to you, my dear Rawdon," he said gravely. "I am afraid that if you did—ar—that you would not have much left. I leave that to you."

Rawdon nodded and laughed.

"Not such a fool," he said. "It would be a waste of good money; for once out of this cursed country you won't see me back; no, not if I have to take to stone breaking. And you will do this for me? Lend me this money—without security? Look here, Chandos, I've done you an injustice. I've thought hardly of you since the other night. I beg your pardon. You were a good fellow, and true friend, and—and God bless you!"

He held out his hand and Chandos took it. Perhaps something in Mr. Chandos's cold paw, perhaps something in his sleek face, or pale-blue eyes, again roused Rawdon's suspicions, for he dropped the hand suddenly, and scanned his friend's countenance.

"Chandos! You are going to do all this for nothing? Just for the sake of old friendship? Isn't there something you want for it, something you want me to do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

There is in New York a policeman who has managed on pay never exceeding $1200 a year and without opportunity for unlawful gains to put one son through a famous college and to graduate him in medicine, to get another a commission in the navy, and to send two daughters to one of the best women's colleges. Meanwhile the father has gone on doing his modest duty and asking aid of no man.

At the Paris Mont de Piete, the official pawnbroking establishment, a wedding ring pawned in 1857 has just been redeemed. Only seventeen francs was lent upon it originally, but the ticket was renewed 36 times, and the owner paid 50 francs in interest. Tickets are still renewed every year for a pair of cotton curtains pledged for four francs 22 years ago, and for an umbrella pawned in 1849.

M. Casimir Perier, President of the French Republic, during his recent tour in the provinces, drove about in an especially constructed carriage, the seat of which was so high that an ordinary person could scarcely reach it from the street. Any repetition of the Caserio incident would have been impossible. The President was always accompanied in his drives by a large force of gendarmes, and at the various railroad stations the public was carefully excluded from the platforms.

One of the interesting subjects of future legislation will grow out of competition between steam and electric service in carrying express and mail matter. It is not to be doubted that the electric railway companies will wish to extend their business beyond the simple privilege of the passenger service, and it is equally certain that the steam railway and express companies will make a formidable opposition to such encroachment upon their business. The results ought to be governed by considerations of public interest and convenience.

Though the German Emperor employs Berlin tailors, he believes in giving provincials employment also. In every good-sized town there is a court tailor, who occasionally has the honor of supplying the Emperor with a uniform, and as his uniforms are as diverse and numerous as the stars of the heavens, there is good business done, especially as His Majesty differs very materially from his grandfather, who had his uniforms and caps repaired and cleaned so often that the trades people had to declare at last the garments would bear no more renovation. The Imperial measure is always kept in stock by the tailors, so that only the minute details are sent when an order is given. A tunic for the Kaiser costs on an average between $40 and $60.

Samuel Jones set a trap for a fox recently in the vicinity of Rondout N. Y., and when he went to see if he had caught anything he found that the trap was gone, notwithstanding it had been secured by a chain and a heavy staple driven into a log alongside. The chain had been broken and there was a rather plain trail in the dead leaves. This trail Jones followed until he got to a small opening, about a dozen yards away, where on the moss lay his fox, dead, yet holding fast by the throat a dead eagle. The eagle, in flying over the woods, had seen the entrapped fox and had swooped down upon it, but the fox, although crippled by the trap, had made a good fight and had killed his assailant while yielding up his own life.

In Germany the "Bismarck Jahrbuch," just out, is the latest manifestation of the Bismarck worship. It is an annual publication devoted entirely to the Iron Chancellor. The first part consists of documents and letters, ranging from an English letter written when he was 20, to his answer to the question of the San Francisco Examiner, two or three years ago, "What benefit will be derived from international exhibitions?" on which he wrote in lead pencil, "None." The second part of the volume contains poems written on or to him, essays about and by him, and a record of all that has happened to him during the last calendar year. Such annuals exist for the study of Goethe and Dante and Shakespeare, but the "Bismarck Jahrbuch" is the first periodical in Germany devoted entirely to a man still living.

The Municipal Museum of Paris has secured possession of several letters and accounts which recall the famine period of the siege of 1870–71. The documents form part of a correspondence between the then Director of the Jardin des Plantes, M. Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, and the butcher, Deboos, and pertain to the animals which were sold to the latter for consumption. October 24, 1870, Deboos bought from the Zoological Department six yaks, three zebras and a buffalo for 2650 francs, which was considered a bargain. Several days later he bought a young reindeer for 200 francs, a rooster for 150 francs, 19 pieces of smaller poultry for 152 francs, 23 small ducks for 145 francs, 11 geese and 14 ducks for 400 francs. [illegible] until December [illegible] In fact, nearly all the more exotic game had been made away with, but on that date Deboos bought two elephants for 17,000 francs, and the fact that their tough meat found a ready market proves the meat famine in Paris considerable as early as November, while the siege lasted until the end of January. In December many horses died and were buried, and after New Year rodents were considered a delicacy.

FROM THE SKY.—Aerolites, or "meteorites," as they are sometimes called, usually fall singly, sometimes in pairs, and less frequently in showers, as was the case at New Concord, Ohio, in 1860 when nearly 200 red-hot stones fell in a field in broad daylight.

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Love of Argument.

We all know the argumentative bore. He is a terror in every class of society. The passion of his life is to throw as many of his fellow-men as possible every day in a series of logical wrestling bouts. He represents the fighting instinct in the social circle. We have not been in his company five minutes before he discloses himself. We can see him carefully watching the conversation, ready and eager to pounce upon any statement with which he can disagree. If there is no chance of contradiction, three-fourths of his pleasure in the talk vanishes. The impossibility of answering the sermon spoils the Sunday service for him; on the week-day he would certainly be to the fore with an amendment or two.

Every conversation drifts with him naturally into the brawling shallows of debate. He cannot bear to see the smallest deviation from what he regards as the plumb-line of truth without attempting a correction. Yet it is not the end but the means that he is chiefly interested in; he delights in the fight whatever may be the merits of the cause. If there is no contentious subject at hand, he will search until he finds one.

The love of argument is a fine stimulus to inquiry, a useful medium of education, and, when kept within measure, a fruitful and pleasant source of amusement; but, indulged without restraint, it obscures rather than reveals the truth, tends to disturb the amenities of life, to foster conceit, and, as we remarked at the beginning, to produce one of the commonest and most offensive of bores.

It will be conceded by all that the proper use of argument is the discovery of the truth; but there are few who enter upon a controversy with that purpose only in view. The glory that comes with a victory over an opponent is one motive. There is an irresistible delight in winning the game of words. The common course of a controversy is for one combatant to advance his theory with a genuine desire to illuminate the subject under discussion. The opponent replies partly with the same view, but cannot wholly resist exposing incidental weaknesses of logic, exaggerations of statement, or evidences of ignorance on subsidiary subjects that may be found in the first utterances. Number one now retorts in like manner, and presently they are both heatedly discussing each other's words and methods, and are forgetting the essentials of the subject that is the ground of dispute. They begin by fighting for the truth and end by fighting each other. Nay, as Bacon has pointed out, some disputatious folk do not care for any truth at all, but are only desirous of giving a show performance in mental gymnastics. "In their discourse they desire rather commendations for wit in being able to hold all arguments than of judgment in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said and not what should be thought."

If men have a genuine desire to think as truthfully as possible and have the pluck to look their thoughts fairly in the face, there is no better way of reaching a sound opinion than by argument with intelligent friends. With two or three minds honestly bent upon a subject, intent on its elucidation rather than on momentary triumphs the one over the other, prejudices are immediately corrected, sweeping conclusions are modified, the personal bias which prevents each of us from seeing the truth directly at right angles is rectified. But is this argument? Perhaps, rather, we are drifting into conversation, which is argument tamed and made profitable. This is precisely what the argumentative man will not allow. It is not for him to take any suggestion from you. You are wrong and he is right; and there is no need for any "give-and-take" principle leading to mutual modifications of opinion.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the best modern inventor of familiar similes, has made a comparison between writers of books and talkers which will apply to the argumentative bore and the man who uses argument as a means of getting as near the truth as possible. He says that writing a book is like shooting with a rifle—you either hit or miss; but talking is like playing at a mark with a water-pipe—you cannot help hitting it if it is within reach and you have time enough. But the lover of argument very seldom plays upon his subject; he takes snap shots, and will not let anybody help him with his sighting.

The first condition of a useful argument is that each of the talkers shall understand exactly what it is that opponents are talking about. The commonest of all failures to get profit from an argument comes from the combatants never meeting. They are like knights at a tournament riding different courses so far apart that, though there may be some little clashing of arms, there is no chance of striking home. If discussion is to be useful, the area to be covered must be defined, the fundamental principles agreed upon.

It is essential to know each other's point of view, to be aware how opposite opinions have been reached, to realize whether it is possible that an agreement may be approached, if not arrived at, and to shut out all distracting secondary questions that lead away from the main issue. Oliver Wendell Holmes touched the latter point deftly when he said, "Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out the music." But the ordinary argumentative man knows none of these limitations. He is always ready for the fray at a moment's notice, and never thinks of staking out the ground, "and e'en when vanquished he can argue still." He rushes upon his opponent and tries to tread him verbally underfoot; his words are all meant for blows, and are as unconvincing.

But, in spite of the many extremes into which a love of argument carries men and the uncomfortableness that is diffused by one's fighting friends who would "strip" over every difference of opinion, the balance of advantage lies, after all, on the side of argument. An education of a superficial kind may be picked up from debate. The inhabitants of a whole village will sometimes be found more intelligent than their neighbors, owing to the village blacksmith being a reader and getting up arguments round his smithy fire in the evening, when the shutters are closed and only the sparks from the chimney light the way to the cosy shed with its dust of filings. Again, argument ought to cultivate control of temper and to teach courtesy to opponents, though it often does not. It also helps to produce warmth of feeling, making opinion that has been fought for seem dear.

The man who does not believe in anything, or care for anything, or glow in any circumstances is the one hopeless being of the modern world; but he is not likely to be found among men who are given to strong arguments. Some of us, too, are so sluggish that it requires contact with another mind to rouse us to activity. Were it not for argument, we should be content to remain in log-like slumber. It gives alertness and adaptability to men who without its training would be impassive and rigid.

The manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly and with an ill-will a stony piece of bread. "It is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down."

Many efforts have been made in Paris to do away with the system of "tipping," which in France has almost assumed the proportions of a social evil. But the reformers had so little success that they have become resigned to the existing state of things, and one hears little of the abolition of gratuities nowadays.

SOME young persons are blessed with a fair, calm and judicial spirit, which prevents them from being carried off their feet by intense feeling or sanguine confidence; and some older ones retain their freshness of enthusiasm to a remarkable degree; and between these two are various shades of proportion. It is well to cultivate both in every age and to attain to whatever balance is possible; but we may expect to see the one predominate in early life and the other in riper years, for such is Nature's method in developing her finest fruits of humanity.

IT is curious that many who fear to forfeit their independence by accepting kindness are quite ready to bestow favors themselves. They are generous up to a certain point, but beyond that their generosity ceases. They fail to perceive that, if others feel as they do, they are really unkind in their very kindness—that they are inflicting the very same obligations upon another of which they themselves complain.

"I WOULD say to every young woman," says a well-known divine, "never be dependent on your friends; never live an idle, aimless life—or, what is a thousand times worse, marry to escape work, or 'to gain a position.' Work, and if you cannot work with your brain, work with your hands, bravely, openly, keeping your self-respect and your independence."

THE pursuit of truth in its countless variety of forms is one of the great aims of life. All desire it in some measure, and the degree to which the love of truth triumphs over appetite, passion and inferior desires, determines the character of the man. Besides this, all human interests are involved in and dependent upon it.

IN every occupation of life it is the man who has thoroughly mastered every detail of his business who gets to the top. The mastery of details embraces not only knowledge of methods, but the reasons for certain procedures and the causes which lead to effects.

WHATEVER faults Voltaire may have had, he certainly showed himself a man of sense when he said, "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise."

THE key to success in any department of life is self-denial. Idleness, wastefulness, come from lack of it; while industry, promptitude, economy, thrift and a successful career are the result of it.

A SMILE, to be worthy of the name, must come from the heart. It is the result of an honest willingness to be pleased with little as well as great things.

IT is temper which makes the bliss of home or destroys comfort. It is not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace loves to nestle.

ESTEEM.—Many persons who most earnestly crave for approval are for ever disappointed, because they fall into the common mistake of thinking that they ought to have what they intensely desire. Nothing is ever gained in this way. No one ever grew rich or famous, or superior in any art or achievement, by idly longing to become so; so no one ever gained the esteem of his fellowmen by merely wishing for it, even ever so ardently. He must acquire the right to be esteemed before he can reasonably hope to be so. He must cultivate qualities worthy of admiration; he must form a character that shall command respect; he must pursue a line of conduct at once honorable and self-respecting. This alone is the road to the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having. The direct efforts which weak-minded persons make to gain favor by suppressing their real selves and pretending to be what they suppose will be admired by those whom they flatter are worse than futile; they merely earn the contempt and failure which all deceit and hypocrisy deserve.

Grains of Gold.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time.

Love always weeps when it has to whip.

Love never bestows a burden that is heavy.

Birds with bright plumage are seldom fat.

There is no use in talking any higher than we live.

Law wears iron shoes, and don't care where it steps.

One symptom of backsliding is a lack of thankfulness.

There are no real strong people in this world but good people.

True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes

A man acquires more glory by defending than by abusing others.

The truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.

There is no work so humble that faithfulness in it will not be noticed and rewarded.

An envious man repines at his neighbor's life as much as though he supported him.

No man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consists in farthings. Life is made up of moments.

A proverb for these times, or any other times: Speak but little, and let that little be the truth; spend but little, and let that little be cash down.

The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them. These are the pictures and statues of departed friends which we ought to cultivate.

If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends or those who are not indifferent to you.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T.—The angles of a square are right angles, or angles of 90 degrees. If you draw a line, joining two opposite corners, you will divide the angles at those corners into angles of 45 degrees.

MARY A.—1. Write to the Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, or Bellevue Hospital, New York, enclosing stamps for return postage and make your inquiries as brief as possible. 2. Certain natural qualifications must be possessed by one desiring to become a trained nurse. 3. From ten dollars per week upwards. 4. The work is not so hard as it is responsible. 5. Write to the Chicago Tribune for information as to the institution spoken of.

R. G.—Latin was formerly the language of the Roman republic and empire, and was spoken over the entire Italian peninsula. It ceased to be a living tongue about the eighth century of our era, but continued in use as the language of the church, of law, and of learning generally until the last two centuries. Good Latin scholars can readily carry on a conversation in that language. As a considerable portion of the Catholic church service is in Latin, it is necessary that the priests should be good Latin scholars.

READER.—The invention of the parachute has been traced to Leonardo da Vinci. A rough sketch of his device, showing a man holding on to it, is given in his published works. It represents a square parachute, and the surface is not much, if any, inflated; but in a collection of drawings of machines, published at Venice in 1617 by Fausto Veranzio, another square form shows more inflation. The first to utilize the parachute was Sebastian Lenormand, a Frenchman, who precipitated himself from the tower of the Observatory at Montpelier.

UNA L.—About understanding poetry. We asked you how much of Shelley you understand; you avoid the question by saying it is a hard-headed appeal to the reasoning faculties and not to the emotions. We do not agree with the distinction. Understand Shelley as you like, by reason or emotion or intuition, and then we venture to guess that there is a great deal of him left that you do not understand. Speaking as confirmed poetry-lovers, we cannot but regret the tendency to cloudiness—nay, to blankest obscurity—which disfigures so much of the verse.

PUPIL.—It is difficult to give any exact time, it depends so much on the person learning. We have heard of it being mastered in three months, but that is very exceptional. About a year is the ordinary length of time, and for persons who have not much time for practice, it has taken them two years and more. So much depends on circumstances. If you have plenty of time to devote to the study of shorthand you would soon master the actual principles, and then there remains nothing but practice, which is very requisite; indeed, it is the most important part of the study.

BELLE.—The idea is by no means modern. Mary Queen of Scots was the owner of a small silver death's head that contained a dial in its throat. The works took the place of brains, and were wound up with catgut. The lower jaw opened on hinges so as to reveal the dial, and a ring in the top of the skull served to attach the somewhat ghastly ornament to a chatelaine. An octagonal silver watch, whose dial-plate was only nine-tenths of an inch in diameter, is chronicled amongst the possessions of the English Queen Mary, and there are other old records of similar small curiosities.

YOKO.—The usual dinner in a well to do Japanese family consists of rice, soup, fish and two or three vegetables, always served with shoya sauce, a pickle very much like German sauerkraut, and other pickles of egg plant, cucumbers, turnips or radishes. The soup is made from fish. The fish itself is broiled, stewed or fried. Rice always takes the place of bread. The only meal at which sweet cakes are eaten is at the afternoon tea, between three and four o'clock. Some of these cakes are made from boiled beans made into paste, flavored and sweetened. Sponge cake is also very much liked.

HAPPINESS.

BY PAUL MICHEL

One who was bowed with care and many years
Paused by a cot to break his weary way,
And watched, all silent, through a mist of tears,
A little child at play.

Gazing upon the happy, childish face,
O'er which no grief its shadow-line had cast,
He could perhaps therein some mem'ry trace
Of his own buried past.

For, as the child came smiling to his side,
Led by a pity for the wand'rer fate—
"Thine is a happy lot," he sadly cried,
"Oh, happiness—too late!"

"Why are you sad? And what is happiness?"
The baby eyes o'erfill, the gambols cease,
Old age replies, the while it stoops to bless,
"My child, 'tis perfect peace!"

WIFE OR SISTER?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "AN ANGEL UNAWARES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

PROFESSOR FORREST frowned and bit his lip. The words and the accompanying laugh jarred horribly upon him, and the idea they suggested was altogether intolerable. It was not the gentle patient Eva, the girl he loved with a passionate strength of which he was half ashamed, who uttered those bitter jealous words.

"I spoke too late," he thought, brushing the soft gray hair back from his forehead with a tired gesture that at any other moment would have moved Eva to pity and remorse. "I should never have allowed that man to cross my threshold or approach her, knowing what I know; but I did not think she cared for him still." But he only said, with half-wistful gentleness. "This is not your own thought, those are not your own words, Eva, and some day you will regret both. Perhaps it was a mistake to ask Miss Luxton to remain—sometimes I think it was; but we have hardly time to discuss the matter now. We did ask her; to please us she stayed; and since then, I honestly believe that she has done her best to make us all comfortable and happy."

"Of course!" Eva agreed scornfully. "She is the ideal woman, and everything she does is right and perfect in your eyes."

"She has been my truest friend. She is my dead wife's sister, and as such——"

"As such she can never be your wife!" Eva broke in, with feverish irrepressible delight. "But for the prejudices of our legislators, I presume you would have offered her that post of honor before now, before you ever crossed my path, and I should have been spared my martyrdom!"

"Be silent!" Redmond said, so sternly that Eva drew back, startled. "Another word of such cruel, base, unwomanly suspicion and we part for ever!"

"Nothing could part us more effectually!" his wife rejoined, with a broken laugh that was more painful than a sob. "We never were one; Miss Luxton stood between us."

"Miss Luxton or your cousin's memory?" Redmond queried.

Eva laughed again, and replied—

"A little of each perhaps; only we treat our rivals differently. You expel Jack Venables from your house, but Regina Luxton remains."

"Yes, she remains—but how? The woman you libel and insult remains by my daughter's sick-bed, risking her life as generously as she has always sacrificed it, that Jessie may have her more than mother's care."

Eva listened, first with the same fierce scornful smile that her husband's praise of her rival had evoked, then with dilating eyes and a gradually paling face.

"Jessie!" she repeated, in a frightened whisper. "I had forgotten Jessie. Is she ill?"

"Yes," Redmond answered briefly; and something in his look and banished even her late torture of suspicion from his wife's mind, an acute unselfish fear taking its place.

"Jessie, my poor little Jessie! Oh, let me go to her!" she pleaded, her eyes filling with tears as she turned them imploringly on her husband's face. "Let me go at once; she wants me near her, I know."

Redmond knew it too. The echo of that piteous wailing cry—"Eva! Why does not Eva come?" still lingered in his ear; but for all that he stood between her and the doorway and resolutely shook his head.

"No—you must not see her!"

"Why?" Eva's eyes flash through a thick mist of tears. "Because I am in disgrace—and this is my punishment?"

"No—but because it is my will."

"Your will? Say rather Miss Luxton's! You are only her obedient tool! Redmond"—her face lighted up with a suspicion that came upon her like a flash—"how did you know of Jessie's illness? What brought you home before your time from the Congress? Was it not a message from—from the mistress of the house?"

"Regina sent for me," her husband replied reluctantly, after a brief embarrassed pause; and once again the girl's laugh rang out jarringly.

"Regina! She is well named; her godfathers and godmothers were prescient, for she is surely queen of us and all our fates. So her majesty forbids me to see Jessie now? On what ground?"

"The wise and prudent one of danger to your health. Jessie's illness is scarlet-fever."

"But Miss Luxton is only mortal. The fever may attack her, yet she stays in the room."

"Some one must stay, and she has the best right. She is Jessie's aunt and her mother's sister."

"And I am only her father's wife! I see—I have no rights!" Eva exclaimed, with a choking passionate sob; and then, before he could prevent her, she had darted past him and escaped to her own room.

Late that night, as Eva Forrest sat alone, nursing a fierce resentment and bitter jealous anger, her maid brought in a letter, the girl offering it with a certain significance of manner that roused her interest.

She turned round, took the letter from the tray, and with a curious thrill of mingled pain and anger recognised her cousin's writing. Her first impulse was not to open it. Had not her husband forbidden all communication between Jack Venables and herself, and was she not bound to obey him?

"Who brought this?" she asked irresolutely, and the girl, looking away from the tear-stained troubled face with overacted inattention, answered glibly—

"A young man—a stranger to me, ma'am; and he said, if you pleased, he would wait for an answer."

"There is no answer," Eva answered coldly.

The girl went, saying to herself, with a crafty smile and a nod of her head—

"I wonder how she knows before she breaks the seal; but she will do that quickly enough when my back is turned."

In this however she was wrong. Long after the door had closed behind the messenger Mrs. Forrest sat staring at the bold clear address upon the envelope at something that half fascinated, half repelled her. Suddenly however she roused herself with a determined effort.

"I will hear his defence at least. Poor Jack! He at least cares for my opinion—I am not a mere petted child to him."

The letter was long and closely written, and Eva's eyes rested on the well-filled pages with something like dismay. A denial of guilt would have taken so much less room, but that was not to be hoped for here.

The color rose in her pale cheeks, and her eyes dilated as they read the closing sentences of the letter.

"I shall return to that new world in which life may still hold prizes even for me. But, Eva, must I return alone? My future lies in your hands to dispose of as you will. Be merciful, my dear and pretty Eva, merciful to me and to yourself. Yes, to yourself, for I can read your heart still as plainly as I read it years ago, when it was mirrored in your happy innocent eyes, when it held only love for me.

"Your eyes are not happy now, my darling, but they are eloquent as ever. You are not happy. How should you be, neglected and oppressed as you are? You cannot care for the cold stern man who calls you wife—who looks like your father and is your gaoler-in-chief. Break the fetters that bind you to him, my own brave true-hearted darling, and trust yourself to me. You know how truly I love you, and you must feel convinced that the affection you gave me long ago is mine still. Let it plead for me now. Come from the house in which you, the mistress, live the life of a tolerated intruder and reign in mine.

"Everything calls to me. My love, you will join me. I shall leave for New York on Saturday. I take my passage to-morrow, Eva; let me have one line to say that I may take my passage for two. The gratitude, the devotion, and the one love of my life shall repay you for the sacrifice."

The girl read on, her breath coming fast, her eyes shining even more brightly. Suddenly, as though the meaning of the words she read dawned upon her fully for the first time, she rose, with a passionate cry of pain, blushing vividly.

"Love him—him!" she repeated, almost fiercely. "He is mad to dream of such a thing—to dare to write so to Redmond Forrest's wife!"

"Eva!"

It was Redmond Forrest's voice, and, hearing it, the girl instinctively crumpled up the letter she held and thrust it into the pocket of her soft gray dressing-gown. Then she turned round and met his glance half defiantly, wondering whether he had noticed what she did.

If he had seen either the action or the guilty glance he did not apparently notice them. He came quietly in and took a chair at a little distance from her, sighing, at the same time brushing the hair back from his forehead with a weary gesture.

"I came to speak to you, Eva," he said, "late as it is, because I shall not be likely to see you for some days, and—possibly I have been a little harsh."

She disregarded the latter half of his observation, repeating the first with widening eyes.

"You will not see me! Are you going away?"

"No; but while there is any danger of infection in this house I do not think it right for you to be here. I thought of taking some place for you at the seaside or where you pleased, and then asking——"

Surprise and anger had kept her silent until then, but she broke in with a sarcastic little laugh.

"Ask whom you please; I shall not be there to receive them. I am mistress here, and I will not be sent away."

"Not even by danger?" he queried. "Do you think I wish to banish you for anything but your own safety, Eva? Do you not know that your welfare is always my first thought?"

"My welfare—not my happiness," the girl cried, with a sob. "You married me to secure that—did you not? Oh, Redmond, Redmond, why were you not less generous and more kind and true? Why did you let my father's pleading and your own pity lead you into this miserable mistake?"

"Meaning our marriage?" he inquired; and the grave face was for the moment full of passionate pain. Then, as the girl murmured a quick assent, he added almost pityingly, "Yes, it was a mistake; but we must bear its consequences bravely, Eva, knowing that we both acted for the best. After all, love is not the one and only thing that can make a marriage happy. Respect and trust in each other we have still, and with these——"

"With these we can drag on, no doubt," she replied, crushing Jack Venables' letter fiercely in her hand and wondering what this calm cold man, who argued away the necessity for love and preached patience under bondage, would say if she broke her chain and left him free. For the first time she began to think, with a reckless defiant daring, "How if I were to go? Miss Luxton would rejoice, and tell him how from the first she had foreseen it," she thought; "and he would bear the blow well—if it were indeed a blow to him. He would call philosophy to his aid, soon forget the girl to whom he had been at once so generous and so cruelly unjust."

"Well, we will not quarrel, Eva," Redmond said, rising and standing beside her. "Stay if you will. I do not suppose there is any great danger. The sick-room will be completely isolated and every precaution taken."

"Every precaution?" she repeated, thinking of that other and more threatening peril from which he was at no pains to guard her.

"Yes—everything that prudence can dictate. And now good-bye."

"Good-bye! Then you have chosen between me and Miss Luxton? I am not to see Jessie again?"

He looked undecided for a second, and the girl's heart leaped. Then he slowly shook his head; his very love for her, his dread of any danger that might touch her, compelled him to refuse.

"Not now, Eva," he answered almost apologetically; "it would not be prudent or right. She would not know you, and Jessie is in good hands."

"She is in the hands that rule you," Eva cried, with a burst of irrepressible bitterness—"the hands that are as strong as they are cruel. That is enough, Redmond. I will not ask to see Jessie again. I leave her to her father and her aunt."

She turned her back upon him with the words, nor, though he twice addressed her, did she speak or stir again until he had left the room. Then she dropped into the low chair beside the bed and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Not one friend," she cried—"not one in all the world; and I am so young! Life will be so long. Oh, Heaven, be merciful and let me die!"

And Heaven was merciful, and sent her after a time, not the death she wildly and wickedly prayed for, but the calm and peaceful sleep she would have thought impossible just then. Little by little her sobs died away, her breathing grew more regular and soft; her head fell among the cushions, and she slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

She had been reposing perhaps an hour when Regina Luxton came quietly into the room. She started a little at sight of the quiet figure by the bedside, then walked across the room, and stood shading the lamp she held with one thin hand and looking with curious intentness at the sleeper's face.

"How pretty she is! How innocent she looks! And how I hate her!" the woman mused bitterly. "And yet the marriage was his fault, not hers; her heart is with the scapegrace cousin from whom he 'saved' her. Those tears were shed for him. She dreams of him, no doubt, and thinks herself as happy as she might have been if Redmond Forrest had never crossed her path—as I might have been if she had never come here. Ah, what is that?"

She drew back, for the girl stirred slightly in her sleep, and, as she moved, the paper on which her hand had closed with jealous care in her last waking moments slid from her nerveless clasp and rolled to the floor. Miss Luxton watched it and the sleeper with breathless eagerness for fully a minute; then, as she showed no sign of waking, she stooped and picked it up.

"At last, at last!" she cried, her voice trembling with a cruel ecstasy as she refolded the paper and thrust it into the bosom of her dress. Then, with a quick backward glance at the still sleeping girl, she hurried away as noiselessly as she had come.

When outside the door she paused, knitting her brows with puzzled thought.

"Shall I strike the blow at once or—— No, I will watch and wait," she decided, with a long drawn breath. "This is Tuesday, and he proposes Saturday for the flight; between this and then much may happen. I will wait."

Eva's first waking thought was given to her still unanswered letter, and she was greatly dismayed and bewildered on missing it. She remembered holding it as she fell asleep, but now no trace of it was to be found.

At first she was certain that it had been taken from her during that unlucky slumber; but by and-by she dismissed the idea as absurd. Who was there likely to enter her room and rob her in such a daring fashion? The servants were all in bed, Redmond was above suspicion, and Miss Luxton, for whose perfect probity she would by no means have been so ready to answer, was far away on the upper story, keeping her watch by Jessie's bedside.

No, the girl decided, it was far more likely that she in her feverish agitation had thrust that fatally compromising letter somewhere out of sight and then forgotten the hiding-place. No doubt she would discover it in due course.

But the long laden hours of that first morning and of the dull succeeding days crept on and brought her no nearer to the object of her quest. She scanned her husband's face anxiously the first time they met, but there was nothing to be discerned in that. He looked very worn and anxious, and perhaps a shade grayer and older than usual; but there was no change in his manner, and while with her he spoke almost exclusively of Jessie.

"It is quite an ordinary case; Jessie's exceptional delicacy gives the only real ground for alarm. But that you know, for you saw Redfern yesterday."

"Yes—I saw Doctor Redfern, and asked him if I could not nurse Jessie," Eva answered boldly; "but he said you were the only person who had the right to decide that point."

"And I have decided. If I had my will, you would not be in the house," Redmond said, so sternly that she would never have guessed the unspoken anguish of his thought. "Not both. Oh, Heaven, I could not lose—I dare not risk losing them both—my little Jessie and this cruel child!"

Eva said no more—indeed, she saw very little of her husband in the days that followed. Doctor Redfern made a point of seeing her when he came and went, and once or twice he and Mrs. Forrest were closeted together for a long while.

This happened towards the end of the week, when the kind old man began to look graver and more anxious each day as he emerged from the sick-room. Generally he rather avoided than sought Mrs. Forrest; but on the Friday night, when as usual she met him at the foot of the stairs, he drew her into the dimly-lighted room and closed the door behind her.

"I want to speak to you before the Professor comes in," he said, looking earnestly at the pale pretty face; "I have some bad news."

"Jessie!" cried Mrs. Forrest involuntarily, as her heart gave a sickening leap.

"No, no, it is not Jessie—she is going on very fairly—but Miss Luxton." He paused, rubbing his nose and looking both vexed and thoughtful. "Miss Luxton has altogether overtaxed her strength. I never saw such an obstinate woman for refusing all help; and now——"

"Now she is ill?"

"About as bad as she can be, altogether broken down, and semi-delirious to-night. What do you think she asked me just now, with dreadful eagerness—'If Redmond had got the letter—if he had surprised you?'"

The Doctor, a red-faced, benevolent-looking old man, who had taken a great liking to the pretty girl-wife, laughed in a jolly fashion as at some eagerness—"'If Redmond had got the letter—if he had surprised you?'"

"There, there—don't be frightened!" he cried, misinterpreting her emotion. "Miss Luxton is not a good subject, of course; but still we will hope for the best. The great thing now is to get a good nurse!"

"Oh, Doctor"—Eva laid her pretty slim hand on his arm and looked up imploringly at his face—"let me nurse them! Let me try; I have been nursing all my life—there is no danger for me."

"There is the danger of your husband's displeasure, otherwise I think—but it is of no use thinking—you must obey orders, and wait at least until the Professor returns home."

Eva turned away with a despairing gesture.

"Then I must wait a long, long time," she said; "and you had better get another nurse, Doctor. The Professor will not be home to-night."

"No?" returned the Doctor, opening his eyes. "Where has he gone, and when will he be back?"

"I cannot tell you," the girl replied hurriedly, a ring of pain in her voice; "I did not know he had gone until his man brought me the message."

Doctor Redfern rumpled his gray hair,

and coughed two or three times in an uncomfortable fashion. He saw clearly enough the mortification in Mrs. Forrest's face and mentally anathematised the stupidity of his old friend.

"In that case," he began.

But Eva did not allow him to complete the sentence.

"You will let me nurse them?" she cried eagerly, with a brightening face.

"On condition that you are very prudent—that you take great care of yourself, follow all my directions, and, above all, accept the help I shall send. I do not want a second case of breakdown, like Miss Luxton's, Mrs. Forrest."

"On any and every condition. Only do not keep me from Jessie any longer. She is the one creature in the world that really loves me now."

"Then the rest of the world has very bad taste," the Doctor answered quaintly. "Now, no hysterical excitement, Mrs. Forrest! Dry your eyes, and take my orders like a sensible woman, or I will not have you in the sick-room."

CHAPTER IX.

TO think that I should have doubted her!" Professor Forrest said, staring with eyes that had grown strangely dim as they perceived for the hundredth time the little note he held before him. "My little Eva, how I have wronged and tortured her, and what coals of fire she has heaped upon my head! Regina shall read this, shall hear my story, and then—why, then Regina shall never come between us again."

Redmond Forrest's face grew very stern as he made this resolve. He saw all the difficulties of the task before him, and recognized how hard it would be to tell Jessie's aunt, who had devoted her life to him and his for eighteen years, that her devotion was no longer needed, and that henceforward their lives must be spent apart. But, hard as it was, it must be done. Common justice to Eva demanded that, and in the quick revulsion of relief that he was feeling he was disposed to accord the true wife he had mistrusted something more than bare justice now.

He had gone to Liverpool with the letter that Miss Luxton had at last given to him, with a fierce injunction "to act upon it at once," feeling himself wronged as man was never wronged before, and burning to avenge himself upon the man and woman who had betrayed him. And, lo, the fire was quenched, and the vengeful weapon broken! Where there had been anger there was only remorse.

He had found the hotel at which Jack Venables was staying and that young man himself, and, closing the door behind him as he entered the room, he felt with a thrill of grim satisfaction that at last his enemy was in his power.

"Professor Forrest!" Jack looked startled and his handsome face was very haggard, but it had been that before he saw who his visitor was, or knew that he had one at all; but there was no terror in his eyes even when he met that grimly threatening glance. "I suppose I need not ask what has brought you here?" he said.

"You need not, or, if you ask, there is my answer."

Jack glanced at his own letter spread out on the table before him, and bit his lip sharply.

"I cannot deny my own fist," he answered, with an affectation of gaiety; "surely no one ever wrote such a hand before. I hope Eva translated the words for you when she placed the letter in your hand?"

"Mrs. Forrest did not give it to me. I have neither seen nor spoken to her on the subject; the letter was sent me by—a friend."

Jack Venables' face flushed.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I thought she was not the girl to betray me, even that she might set herself straight in your eyes. Your wife is none the less true to you because she would have kept my secret if she could. I had to put the whole thing in black and white before she would even understand me, and, when she did——"

"When she did?" Redmond demanded.

"When she did she sent me that," the young man replied. "You read my letter, Mr. Forrest—read your wife's and see what sort of a nature you have ill-used and disturbed."

He placed a folded paper in Redmond Forrest's hand, then walked to the window and stood staring out into the street.

Meanwhile Redmond Forrest had unfolded his wife's letter, and tried to master its contents; his eyes had grown suddenly dim, and he could hardly read the characters, familiar though they were.

"Jack, my heart was sad enough before; I think you have broken it now. I knew that no one cared for me, but I did not think that any one wished me harm. I know that I am miserable here. Miss Luxton hates me, Jessie is taken from me, even my husband—good, kind, and generous as he is—has never loved me really.

"This brings me to the one thing I must say—hard for me to write, hard perhaps for you to read. Yet it must be written, for it is the truth. Jack, I never loved you, even in those days when I thought we were all in all to one another, for now I never loved and never shall love any other until my life's end, I love my husband, the man you ask me to leave."

The passionate words seemed to echo in Professor Forrest's ear in Eva's clear and tender tones.

"Well, are you satisfied?" Jack Venables broke the long silence with a reckless laugh. "But since you do not mean to put a bullet in me in the good old fashion, I do not see what you can say. But 'Good-bye;' and it is 'Good-bye' to you and this hateful slow-going country, where one little slips stands recorded against a man for evermore. Tell her——" He paused and seemed to hesitate, then went on eagerly—"No—tell her nothing. I dare say some day, either here or in that better world she believes in so firmly, she will know that her letter surprised me into the one unselfish action of my life."

* * * * * *

"Thank Heaven, she never knew of my mad jealousy, my insane suspicion!" the Professor thought as the cab he had taken at the station whirled him through the half-empty streets. "My pretty innocent Eva—she need never know!"

Mechanically he paid and dismissed the cabman and opened his door. He made his way into the darkened hall, where the dreadful stillness and gloom seemed only another confirmation of his fears.

At the foot of the stairs he met a woman, one of the oldest servants in the house, who was quietly crying, and did not see him until he almost touched her.

"Your mistress—what of her?" he asked fiercely. "She is not ill?"

"Not ill now, sir; she—she died last night!"

He never asked how the girl he had left in full health and strength had been suddenly called away. All that was to come. He could only realise the one great grief that had stunned and left him desolate.

"Eva, my darling!" he cried in his agony; and the utterance of her name seemed to break the spell that held him. "If I had only made you happy—if you had only known how dear you were to me!"

"Redmond!"—the light tremulous touch on his bent head and the sweet eager voice in his ear thrilled Redmond Forrest. He looked up, and then he thought that grief had maddened him, for it was his wife who stood beside him—Eva, a little paler and sadder than when he saw her last—Eva, with tearful eyes that turned beseechingly to his, but no ghost, no shadow—Eva herself.

"Redmond," she said again—"oh, Redmond!"

And then he caught her to his heart.

"What does it mean, Eva? The woman certainly said, 'My mistress is dead!' Is she mad or dreaming?"

"Neither, Redmond," Eva answered gently; "but you forget that old Susan has always called Miss Luxton her mistress, and, Redmond, Miss Luxton is dead."

"Dead?" he repeated blankly. Regina dead?"

"Yes, dear." Eva drew a little nearer, and raised her soft pathetic eyes to his. "She had a kind of fit last night. Doctor Redfern thinks she broke some blood-vessel on the brain, and she died this morning. I was with her at the last. And, Redmond, I think she knew me then."

* * * * * *

With a charming home, a devoted stepdaughter—by-the-way, what a pretty girl Jessie is now; she seems to have grown and straightened since that illness of hers last year—and a handsome distinguished husband who adores her, I do not think there is a happier woman in the world than Professor Forrest's wife.

[THE END]

AN AMUSING DERIVATION.—Lexicographers of other days were notoriously at fault with their derivations, and an amusing instance is afforded in the new volume of the late Bishop Wordsworth's Annals of My Life as to how plausible etymologies may be concocted. The learned Porson was staying, it appears, at one time with a well-known Canon of Ely named Jeremiah King. One day at dinner, when they had got into a discussion upon questions of etymology, Porson gave a derivation which King considered to be so far fetched as to be quite ridiculous. "You might as well say," said King, "that my name is connected with cucumber." Possibly there was a cucumber on the table. "And as it is," said Porson. "How so?" asked King. "Why, thus—'Jeremiah King,' by contraction 'Jerry King,' Jerry King,' by contraction and metathesis 'Gherkin'; and 'gherkin,' we know, is a cucumber pickled." Porson's definition of the meaning of the word "gherkin" is almost as erroneous, it will be observed, as his playful derivation, since a gherkin is not a pickled cucumber, but a small cucumber of a particular variety commonly used for pickling.

FISHING IN ALASKA.—In the southwestern part of Alaska fishing is the great industry, the fur trade being a secondary consideration. The Alaskans are luxurious livers, for salmon, deer and duck are all plentiful. A curious fish which goes up the inland rivers is the "candle" fish, is found in such immense numbers that they are literally raked into the boats. These fish are so full of oil that when dried they burn just like a candle. But the oil is of a worthless character, and a company which sought to make the fish commercially valuable failed. To the natives however they are a tasty fish.

A careful housekeeper always has Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the house.

Our Young Folks.

GWEN'S CRESCENT.

BY S. V. W.

IT was a pretty brooch. Gwen liked it best of all the gifts she had received in honor of her birthday—perhaps because it was the first brooch she had ever possessed. It was of silver, and shaped like a crescent, with little gold stars upon its smooth surface. Uncle Ben had been the giver, and Gwen had thanked him by throwing her arms about his neck, and half smothering him with kisses.

"Won't the girls at school admire it, mother?" she asked, as she clasped it in the lace frill at her neck, and turned her head from side to side before the looking-glass. "Ada Jephson wears a brooch, but it isn't so pretty as this is."

"I would rather you did not wear it at school," said Mrs. Burton. "I don't approve of ornaments for little girls, except on special occasions."

"But, mother, I'm eleven now—nearly quite grown up," said Gwen, with her most dignified air.

Mother smiled, and passed her hand caressingly over the waving hair.

"Not quite, dearie. Shall I take care of your treasure?"

"Oh no, mother, please. I want to keep it in my own little work-box. I'll be very careful of it."

So Gwen was allowed to take the tiny cardboard box containing the silver crescent to her own room, and there she locked it safely away in her work-box—father's gift. But on the following morning, when she was ready to go to school, she felt she must take just one peep at her brooch. How it glistened in the sunlight! The little gold stars seemed to twinkle as she gazed at them. Once more Gwen fastened it in her lace collar, and admired the effect in the mirror. She thought how delightful it would be to wear it in school. What would the girls think about it?

"Mother didn't say I must not," thought Gwen, as she replaced the brooch in its cotton-wool bed. "She only said she would rather I didn't wear it every day. I wish I might take it for once."

"Gwen, dear, make haste. You will be late," called Mrs. Burton. Gwen hesitated, while a crimson flush rose to her cheeks. Then she quickly locked up the cardboard box, but this time it contained nothing but cotton-wool. The crescent had been slipped into her pocket.

Gwen wore her brooch that morning, and it was duly admired by her schoolfellows. They gathered about her in the playground, and Gwen, with an air of consequence, told of the many presents she had received on the previous day.

"I should like a brooch like that," said Susie Carter wistfully. She was a pale child, not so well dressed as her companions. Poor Susie had no parents, and her aunt, with whom she lived, was not always kind to her.

"Oh, you cannot expect such things," said Gwen. She did not really mean to be unkind—she was only thoughtless—but Susie's lips trembled as she turned away.

When Gwen went home to dinner she hid the brooch in her pocket, meaning to run upstairs afterwards and put it away. She had not felt exactly comfortable all morning, and ashamed to meet her mother's eyes. But, when dinner was over, mother sent her to the chemist's for some cough mixture for Daisy, the three-year-old pet of the household, and then it was so late that she was obliged to run off to school at once.

"Where's your brooch, Gwen?" asked Beaty Clarke, as the girls trooped out of the schoolroom at four o'clock.

Beaty and Gwen were particular friends, and always walked home together. Two other girls who were going the same way came up at that moment, and the four walked along with arms entwined in schoolgirl fashion.

"It is in my pocket," was Gwen's reply. "I forgot to put it on this afternoon, and I shan't wear it every day, you know. I only brought it this morning for you all to look at."

"Are there four gold stars on it, or five?" asked Edie Denson. "I'm sure I counted five when you had it on, but Florrie says there are only four."

"I'm not sure, but we can soon see," said Gwen, drawing her hand from Beaty's arm. "Why"—with a look of alarm—"it's not in my pocket."

"Oh, it must be," cried Beaty reassuringly.

"But it isn't, really"—and out came a handkerchief, two pieces of slate pencil, a ball of shaded wool, and a thimble. The pocket held nothing more; Gwen turned it inside out, but nothing appeared save a few biscuit crumbs.

"What shall I do? What will mother say?" and Gwen began to cry.

"Where could you have lost it?" wondered Edie.

"I don't know. I don't believe I put my hand in my pocket once all the afternoon. I do think," she added suddenly, "that Susie Carter must have taken it."

"Oh, Gwen!"

"Well, I do. She was sitting next to me, and you know how she stared at it this morning."

"Shall you tell Miss Thompson?"

"It wouldn't do any good, because I have no proof. But I shall just ask Susie. I can't help thinking she has got it. Of course she'll deny it. But, unless I find it, I shan't speak to her again. It couldn't have got out of my pocket by itself. It was down at the bottom."

Gwen went sorrowfully home, and made a sobbing confession to her mother that evening. Mrs. Burton seemed less concerned at the loss of the brooch than at the thought of her daughter's disobedience, and she did not at all share Gwen's suspicion of Susie.

"You are too hasty, dear," she said. "If Ada Jephson were to lose her brooch you would not like her to accuse you of taking it. You have no grounds for suspecting Susie. Do not say anything to her."

So Gwen did not accuse Susie of stealing her brooch, as she had meant to do, but poor Susie did not have a pleasant time of it during the following week. Gwen would not speak to her, and Beaty and Edie turned their heads aside whenever she approached them. She was shunned in the playground, and could only look on at the games instead of joining in them.

On the Saturday afternoon it rained, so Gwen was forced to remain indoors, and Daisy coaxed her into the playroom to take part in a doll's wedding. Daisy had seven dolls, and they were all dressed in their best, with scraps of lace and ribbon fastened to their garments by means of big pins. Mother had provided a feast—plums, and nuts, a couple of pears, and a tiny iced cake to serve as a wedding-cake.

"Which of them is going to be married?" asked Gwen, smiling at the row of waxen beauties.

"My dear Queen Dorofea. Don't you see her boo'ful veil? And look at her crown," lisped Daisy.

Gwen started, and looked more closely at the doll-bride. Queen Dorothea certainly wore a veil—a piece of white muslin, descending to the hem of her pink gown; and, fastened to her flaxen hair, was the crown—a silver crescent brooch, studded with gold stars.

"Where did you get this?" demanded Gwen, removing the ornament without regard to her Majesty's feelings.

"I finded it," said Daisy, opening wide her blue eyes. "Don't take it, Gwenny, it's mine. I finded it on the floor downstairs one day, a long time ago—'bout twenty monfs, or else a week."

"It is my brooch that Uncle Ben gave me," said Gwen decidedly.

Daisy broke into such a piteous wail that mother came running upstairs to find her pet sobbing out that Queen Dorofea had lost her crown, and couldn't be mawwied now—not never.

Daisy was soon consoled with a crown cut out of gilt paper, and Gwen regained her lost treasure. She was very sorry and ashamed of her behavior towards Susie, and asked the little girl's pardon on Monday morning before all her companions—no easy task for proud Gwen.

And when Susie's birthday came she was presented with a pretty silver brooch by Gwen, who had bought it with the money she had been saving since the day when Queen Dorothea lost her crown.

THE LITTLE ONES.—Fortunate are those parents who have learned to respect the individuality of their children; who are not madly bent upon planting them in the family garden in set row, and so closely, that their branches have no room to stretch out into the fair sunlight; who are for ever on hand with the pruning-knife or hoe, to lop off that which, if left, would develope into sweet buds or flowers; or to dig the earth prematurely from roots which were better left safely hidden till their natural period of vigorous appearing. A gardener who should be guilty of such folly would be a laughing-stock. What if all his flowers were of one color! What if every twig and leaf were of the same size! How weary should we be of this monotony! How we should long for the delicate pink of the rose, and the royal purple of the violet, and the pure snow of the lily, and the distinctive aroma of each! Why not, in this respect, take a lesson from Nature, which is at once so bountiful and so wise?

CURIOUS BELIEF ABOUT LEAP-YEAR.—Rustic folk in many parts of the country firmly believe that in leap-year all kinds of beans are produced in the pods in the reverse position to that which is usual, or, as an old laborer in Surrey once phrased it, "In leap-year the eye is to the point, in other years to the strig"—that is, the stalk. There is ample evidence that in the last bissextile, in 1892, in many widely-separated parts of the country the beans were observed to be produced in the pods in this manner, and the rustic belief that this was caused by the fact of its being leap-year was naturally strengthened. But by some agriculturalists the phenomenon was taken to be a sign of plenty, and there is no doubt that beans grow in this manner in other years than the bissextile; but, whenever the occurrence happens to coincide with the latter, the superstition is sure to revive.

"HELLO, old fellow. Your wife is out, is she?" "Yes. But she isn't out as much as I am."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Oculists estimate that one person in four has defective vision.

It is said that there are fewer than 300 pure-blooded Greenlanders left.

The population of the German Empire is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

Herrings form the greatest harvest of the ocean. More herrings eaten are than any other fish.

A suit of chain mail, such as was used about the time of William the Conqueror, often cost $1000.

Japan's great Field Marshal, Prince Yamagata, is not only a fighter, but a poet and an essayist.

Nearly 60,000 acres have been reclaimed in Ireland during the past year from bog and marsh lands.

A citizen of Buffalo rolled a peanut a mile with a toothpick in that city, in payment of an election wager.

An oil can with a whisky compartment in the bottom is said to be the latest device adopted in Maine towns.

The average European woman's life is shorter than the man's, but over two-thirds of the centenarians there are women.

An elephant takes up the collection in some of the Hindoo temples. It goes round with a basket extended from its trunk.

The Paris hot-water fountains, for the use of the poor supply eight quarts of heated water for the sum of one halfpenny.

St. Crispin's Day, October 25, is still celebrated in France, when all the shoemakers, cobblers and saddlers attend religious services.

An Indian carpet weighing three tons, and made by the prisoners in the Agra jail for Queen Victoria, has just been received at Windsor Castle.

Numismatists say that no human head was impressed on coins until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that were of deities.

Wyoming has a wonderful alum cave which is fifteen feet across the opening and easily accessible. The alum on the walls of the cave is six feet in thickness.

A medical writer illustrates the effect of the weather on the mind by referring to the fact that in India 48 per cent. of certain crimes disappear when hot weather gives place to cold.

A baby was carried off by a panther at Jones' Mill, Ore., lately. The body was afterward found in an adjoining forest lifeless, but not disfigured, except for a few scratches on the face.

Doors and windows are taxed in France. In a peasant's hut the tax amounts to about three francs per annum; on houses in cities it sometimes amounts to seventeen francs for each family.

It is said that the pay of locomotive engineers is sometimes so much above that of minor administrative officers technically their superiors that the amount is not permitted to appear upon the pay roll.

An expert declares that he knows of at least six hundred counterfeits of the old masters which are now hanging in private galleries in the United States, and all of which were originally purchased in Europe at very high prices.

Among the unpublished memoirs of the Revolution and the Empire known to exist in France are those of Marshal Davoust, kept in an iron chest in the museum at Auxerre, and not to be published till 1923, 100 years after the Marshal's death.

An explorer in Central Africa has recently reported a curious fact in natural history. The cattle there have all been eaten up, lions and leopards have taken to man-hunting, and have changed their habits in consequence. Instead of roaring on the trail, as is their custom, they do not utter a sound.

ACCORDING TO A BACHELOR.

The usual periodic discussion about women and smoking has lately cropped up again. There are women who smoke, and women who don't. Thank goodness, the latter continue to be well in the majority!

Slang is another thing that we men cannot get to like in maiden lips. Even such phrases as "don't you know" used every other minute, "awfully jolly," "ripping," and so on, jar a good deal on most of us. It is strange that we should feel such distaste at hearing girls use expressions we ourselves use so commonly. I can only account for it on the plea that we are eager to fancy that ladies are (as they ought to be) infinitely our superiors in refinement and delicacy.

Women who swear, even though only when exceedingly disturbed with the big "D" fall from the lips of women who would stare very blandly if you questioned their right to be termed ladies.

Both slang and swearing in any degree are most unprepossessing in a woman. The girl who shouts her "By Joves!" in the faces of young men is usually induced to charge her note as soon as she is engaged. It is no small credit to her if she win a man's love in spite of her repulsive methods of speech.

The girl who innocently exercises the gifts of magnetism which she finds she possesses over the other sex, and who innocently rejoices in her talents, is not a sinner. She may be unwise, even blamable, but she is not malicious.

There are, however, flirts who seem to take pleasure in bending men on their knees before them and in dismissing them robbed of some of their self-respect. These are cold-hearted beauties, and to be shunned by men as if they were serpents.

On the whole, I think it must be said that men do not like flirts. It is our business to woo, not to be wooed. Flirts seem to rob us of the prerogative.

Girls should, of course, be nicely-dressed; but, that said, all that need be said by us on the subject is said. Anything that suggests tight-lacing is repellent to us. It is quite in the order of nature that it should be so, for we know instinctively that the girl who wears a belt only about as capacious as our collars is injuring her body, and therefore making herself unfit to be a wife.

Extravagant girls suit few of us. We are tempted to look askant at girls who come out every week in a new bonnet—and a bonnet, moreover, "chic" enough to have cost something handsome.

One more matter may be mentioned. It will surprise some of my readers that we should trouble ourselves about so small a detail.

When I see a girl who treats little children and babies either with indifference or disdain, I mark her down at once as not quite the right sort of girl; and others of my sex are quick to notice the same thing and make the same estimate from it.

Some of you think we have no eyes except for pretty faces. Really you are wrong.

COMPLAINT is made in Paris that Victor Hugo's remains are neglected. When the great man's remarkable funeral was over the coffin containing his body was solemnly placed on two improvised benches in the Pantheon. There it remains to-day just as it was left, no attempt having been made to prepare a tomb for it. And nothing more is heard of the great Hugo memorial for which subscriptions were solicited just after the poet's death.

THE SMALL BOY TERRIBLE.—A story is told of the late Mdme. Tietjens, the great opera singer, who, as all lovers of music will remember, took the part of the Huguenot princess in Meyerbeer's opera, Les Huguenots.

Although a magnificent vocalist, Mdme. Tietjens' figure was somewhat too bulky for the part of the young princess, and upon one occasion this proved rather awkward for a brother artist. He had taken the part of her lover on very short notice, the usual exponent of the character having met with an accident.

He got on very well with the music, but in one exciting scene where the princess faints, and he is expected to take her in his arms and carry her out of the room, the actor, who was a short, delicate little man, hesitated for a perceptible interval, whilst the audience sat with expectant hush. Then a shrill juvenile voice in the gallery was heard—

"Just tak what ye can, my man, and come back for the rest!"

(Curtain.)

AMONG the claims presented to the Vermont Legislature are several for crops ruined by deer.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. W. LONG.

The day is dark and dreary,
The sky is full of gloom;
But love fills life with brightness,
Here in your pleasant room.

Though rain falls cold and chilling,
From dark clouds' stormy crest,
Here in the quiet of your home,
Is peace, and love, and rest.

SIMULATED DEATH.

The remarkable condition, involving a suspension of all the faculties, which is sometimes induced in man by inhalation of poisonous gases, a blow on the head, a stroke of lightning, etc., is a normal condition of periodic occurrence among many of the lower animals. In fact, this suspension of organic activity enables many creatures to tide over conditions which would otherwise be fatal to them.

For every class of living creature there is a specific temperature best suited to its well-being, and a minimum and maximum temperature to either of which it succumbs; but if the temperature only approach these extremes, its activities are arrested, and it sinks into a state of torpor simulating death.

Every year, on the advent of winter, when the food supply is inadequate to the maintenance of the necessary warmth, those animals which do not migrate, or put on a warmer coat, or whose food supply is insufficient, seek some suitable retreat where they roll themselves as nearly as possible into a ball, and resign themselves to a suspension of all their faculties. They lie in a sort of deep sleep, perfectly motionless, and breathing, almost imperceptibly, at long intervals, until the warmth of returning spring rouses them from their long sleep. How does this save them from death? The answer is not far to seek. Respiration is an essential condition of the life of all animals. We can live only so long as we are in a condition to inhale the indispensable oxygen. It is the function of the oxygen inhaled into the system to enter into unstable combinations with the waste products of combustion, to convert the chyle into blood, and to cause combustion of the carbohydrates of the food for the necessary animal warmth. When no food is taken, the oxygen attacks the accumulated fat and muscular tissue in the system, producing a measure of heat by its combustion, and maintaining the process of respiration—(that is, the inhalation of fresh oxygen, and the exhalation of carbonic acid), and consequently of life. An animal exposed to hunger and cold while its faculties are in full activity would perish in a few days. But in the condition of hybernation the functions of its organs being reduced to a minimum, the slow combustion of its accumulated store of fat and muscle, with a greatly reduced rate of respiration, serves to keep the animal alive until the return of spring renews the conditions of vital activity.

This hybernating habit is common to the bear, and to squirrels and numerous small mammals; nearly all reptiles and batrachians indulge in it, retreating into hollow trees, into holes in the earth, into mud, etc., and falling into a state of torpor which lasts for months. The great majority of insects perish during winter; but some of them, and especially the females, conceal themselves under moss-bark, in the earth, etc., and survive. Leeches and rainworms also sleep through the winter.

If this winter sleep endures too long, as occurs sometimes in long, severe winters, or if the previous summer was unfavorable, and the animals went into winter quarters in poor condition, the sleepers awake no more, but pass from a state of torpor to one of actual death.

It is, perhaps, not so well known that animals indulge in summer sleep also. Great heat induces weariness, followed by a suspension of the life activities. This state of summer dormancy is as regular in hot countries as the winter sleep in cold countries. When the streams cease to flow, and the pools dry up one after the other, the animals retreat into their holes and sleep torpidly until the rainy season.

It must not be supposed either that summer sleep is indulged in in the tropics only. I have many times observed, in this country, that when small pools dry up in summer, the water lizards, frogs, toads, etc., bury themselves in the mud, and sleep until the next rain wakes them to fresh life. Among mammalia, the tanrek of Madagascar indulges in summer sleep.

This arrest of the vital functions, this simulation of death, is most remarkably illustrated on the lowest planes of life—the tardigrades or water bears, for example, and some thread-worms, will remain dormant for want of moisture, for months or even years. Who would believe that water animalcules exist in dry dust? Yet so it is. Their functions are suspended, but with the first rainfall they awaken to new life.

POETS AND THE NIGHTINGALE.—Most of the poets who have sung the praises of the nightingale are said to make two mistakes about the bird. In the first place they write as if it were the hen bird that was the beautiful singer; and, in the second, nearly all of them represent "her" as singing either on the topmost bough or upon the wing. Of course, as folk who are not poets know, the facts are quite otherwise. It is the male bird that causes the woods to resound with melody, and his favorite perch is a low twig close to the ground, his song being addressed to his mate as she sits on the eggs. After the young have been hatched, the song ceases, the energy of the vocalist being all taken up in providing for the wants of the nestlings.

AT Boulogne-sur-Mer there is a street with the name Listen if it Rains. In this latter town there is also Tin Pot street, Arm of Gold street and even the Fleas' Market.

ANIMALS AS WEATHER PROPHETS.—The cat sneezes at the approach of rain. The wind will blow from the point the cat faces when she washes her face. It is a sign of rain if the cat washes her head behind the ear. Sailors are not fond of cats, and they say, when the cat is frisky, she has a gale of wind in her tail, and that often the cat goes on board to raise a storm.

The dog grows sleepy and dull on the approach of rain. Sometimes dogs chew grass before rain. If the dog lips a deep hole in the ground, or howls when one leaves the house, or refuses meat it indicates rain.

Swine become very restless before rain, and by their snorting and incessant movement predict that rain is close at hand. Pigs often run with straws and sticks in their mouth before cold weather. The old proverb says: "Swine can see the wind."

Ducks foretell rain by quacking without any apparent cause.

Cows usually, before cold and stormy weather, fail in giving their milk. In winter, if they bellow in the evening, it will snow before morning; and when a cow shakes her foot there is bad weather behind her.

Gnats utter a peculiar cry before rain.

The slug is the best of barometers. At the approach of rain the slug leaves his hole, and will climb trees or walls, so that he may get the full benefit of the shower.

Sheep foretell clear weather by ascending the hills and scattering in many directions; but if snow is coming they will bleat and seek a place of shelter.

Spiders usually live alone or in pairs, but they have been observed to collect on a wall or bank before a rain-storm.

When a swan flies against the wind, rain will follow shortly.

Rooks fly in a most erratic fashion before a rain storm, and pigeons return to their cotes when a storm is advancing.

The frog croaks more loudly and incessantly just before rain than at any other time.

Another sign of rain is the toad's leaving his hole in the daytime. Usually the toad is an insect eater, and seems well aware that just before a rain-storm is the best time for him to obtain his prey.

The farmers look for a change in the weather when the barnyard fowls roll in the dust.

Camels, in their journeyings across the desert regions of Northern Africa and Arabia, never fail to warn their drivers of the approach of the fatal sirocco storm. Their restless, uneasy gait, and [illegible] sniffing proclaim the approaching danger long before the duller senses of their masters detect anything.

KIND WORDS NEVER DIE.—An elderly stranger bought a copy of a Galveston paper from a newsboy and handed him a "quarter," but, upon the boy's hunting for change, the old gentleman said, "Never mind the change, sonny; just keep it for yourself." This was probably the first kind word than had ever been spoken to the homeless, friendless orphan boy since his mother had died, and it completely overcame him. Hastily brushing away a tear, he seized his benefactor's hand and exclaimed in a husky voice, "Bully for you, old Stick-in-the mud! I wonder how much reward there is offered for you by the savings bank you used to be president of!"

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Moire silks and moire ribbons are quite the vogue this season. Young girls do not, of course, wear dresses of moire silk, but their skirts are very prettily trimmed with circles of moire ribbon. For instance a dress of beige cashmere is trimmed round the foot with three circles of bronze moire ribbon. The front of the bodice is striped across with ribbon to match, and the sleeves are looped up over the elbow with the same moire ribbon.

Capotes are much larger than those of the summer. We are told light felt hats will be lined with pale pink, ciel blue, or ochre satin, and trimmed with feathers as in the days of the Directoire.

For making handsome mantles and collets that peculiar make of velvet which occupies a middle place between velvet and plush, one which goes here by the name of pauve, will be a great deal used; its very close and longer pile gives it almost the effect of sealskin. It is seldom made in any other color than brown or black.

For trimming purposes, cotton-backed velvet is found to be very nearly as good as the all-silk article for dress trimmings, and therefore, retailers show both in equal amounts; but milliners reserve their favor, and with reason, to the silk article, as the other does not drape well. Very full piled velvets obtain most, and the glace velvets, or velours miroir (not the short velvets), are the most prized this season.

In some models the sacque is put on to a small yoke, which is generally covered with embroidery. The loose shape of this style of mantle, wider at the foot than at the neck, is suited to the shape of modern dresses, which are all cut and pleated fan fashion. The sleeves are either wide and open, or full at the top only, and tight, and buttoned from the bend of the arm.

Colored silk guipure, plain or beaded, is a very favorite trimming. Jet beaded passementerie also appeared upon late mantles.

Bodices of plain or glace surah are fashionably worn with sleeves of the same material as the skirt, which is generally of striped or moire silk.

We are promised another season of bright, crude, harsh tints of color for fashionable wear. Among the shades to be looked out for is a royal-blue, described as being harsher even than the tint to which we became accustomed in the early part of last autumn. This color has shown itself in Paris, where the milliners have a way of subduing and toning down these vehement colors by adding black in great quantities, or perhaps a darker shade of the blue itself, while we, being less advanced in the science of colors, forget these palliatives and inflict the crude shade without the condonation afforded by such propinquity.

Many of the best conturiers are pushing satin brocades with floral designs, and very rich Renaissance brocades, as they suit the stylish toilettes copied from the costumes of the 16th and 18th centuries, which they so much affect. Very broad patterns are eschewed, the bouquets and running floral scrolls are below the medium size; nor do they stand out from the ground in very bright relief, while the arabesque silks are rich but not gaudy, except so far as gaudiness may be produced by color only.

Passamenteries are seen only occasionally. Broad galloons are much used. Some dresses are trimmed with broad embroidered Turkish galloons.

Fichus and lace additions to dresses are now as much indebted to ribbon as to lace. For example, some of the newest have a band of bright geranium satin round the neck, with a large bow in front, while from this fall ladder ends of the same ribbon, crossed here and there by frills of lace at intervals, rosettes finishing off the ends, which descend well below. The ribbon in nearly every case forms the foundation for the lace, but leaves broad apertures, so that the dress material can be seen between; full frills of lace are gathered on to the ribbon band, and there is something exceedingly light and charming in this new style.

A gown composed of ruby velutina has a full pen-wiper skirt, devoid of garniture. The bodice has a French front, draping over a belt of cream satin. A deep square yoke of rich guipure lace is finished at the lower edge by a band of cream satin ribbon, and braces of the same are tied in large bows on the shoulders. The cream satin collar is finished by a bow at the back. Large puff sleeves have a deep cuff of lace.

A pretty little gown may be fashioned of brown and green mixed cloth, the gored or pen-wiper skirt without adornment. The cloth bolero jacket may have large square revers and collar of brown or green velvet, and the full vest may be of cream batiste, laid in tiny tucks which are edged with a narrow Valenciennes lace. The puff sleeves would have deep velvet cuffs and open over and under-puff of the tucked batiste and lace.

For a school dress silk may be substituted for the batiste.

Pretty school dresses are made with gored skirts and French blouses with box plaited fronts. The belts may be of leather, satin or velvet, or of cloth to match the gown. Large collars and cuffs of white embroidery are worn with these little toilettes. These collars are very desirable for school dresses, as they are easily laundered and are both youthful and dressy.

A neat little frock for a younger child is fashioned in rose pink silk, and has round yoke and full skirt. The yoke is finished by a deep silk ruffle, opened in the front and bordered by a narrow band of very yellow Valenciennes lace. Two ruffles fall over the tops of the puffed sleeves, which have a deep cuff with band of lace.

A little gown, to be worn with a white guimpe, is in scarlet crepon, trimmed with rows of black velvet baby ribbon drawn through a narrow lace insertion. The straight dull skirt is garnished with three rows of this trimming and sewed a round waist. This waist is cut round in the neck and bordered with the baby ribbon. Over this is a very short open zouave jacket, edged with three rows of the trimming. The sleeves are short puffs.

Light ginghams, made with short round waists and deep berthas of embroidery, are very pretty with white muslin guimpes.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Apple Jelly.—At this time of the year the papers contain many directions for making preserves and jelly, but I fail to find anything about common apple jelly. If very red, sour apples are used, a beautifully clear jelly can be made in this way: Wash the apples and halve them, but do not remove the seeds or skin. Place them in a preserving kettle, and cover with water; boil until the apples are soft, then turn them into a strainer and drain, but do not squeeze them, or the jelly will not be clear. To every pint of juice add one pint of sugar, and boil until it will "jell." This jelly can be made in winter as well as any time, if one has the apples then. A short distance from our house is a jelly-mill, where jelly is made from sour apples, and no sugar is used. This jelly is excellent for flavoring mince-meat, apple sauce and various other things. Jelly from part sour and part sweet apples is also made at this mill, and the part sweet and part sour jelly is an excellent relish to eat with meat. I never tried making jelly without sugar, but I think it could be made at home, or it can be purchased of most grocers. Since using it, I do not think I can do without my sour jelly.

Coffee Filling for Cake.—The ever-popular layer cake is never more popular than when filled and iced with coffee mixtures. For a filling, make a cup of strong black coffee, make very sweet, and add a liberal portion of cream; equal quantities of each is a good rule, if the coffee is as strong as it should be. For a pint of coffee and cream together, a good tablespoonful of gelatine should be first soaked in a little milk, then dissolved over boiling water and added to the coffee. Beat the yolks of three eggs; pour on the hot coffee, stirring constantly; mix all well together and strain. Put the cake together when partially cooled, and ice with coffee icing.

Veal Curry.—Cut up about two pounds of lean veal into small pieces. Cut a large onion and one large sour apple into slices, put them into a saucepan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and stir them about till lightly browned; then stir in a good tablespoonful of curry powder and a tablespoonful of flour. Add a pint of water and the veal, season with salt, stir around two or three times to mix thoroughly and cook gently an hour and a half, or until the veal is perfectly tender. Add the juice of half a lemon and stir it round very gently. Turn the curry on a hot dish and serve with a border of rice.

Rennet Custard with Coffee.—Another variation which makes a dainty summer dessert is made with rennet. Use strong coffee and hot milk, and sweeten to taste; a portion of cream is, of course, desirable. When blood-warm, allow a tablespoonful of liquid rennet to each quart; stir, to mix thoroughly, and set on the ice until firm. One or two well-beaten eggs to a quart, mixed with the milk, makes a rich custard, but this is a matter of choice. Whipped cream, flavored with coffee also, may be served with this custard.

Coffee Icing.—All that is required for this excellent finish is half a cupful of strong coffee, into which is stirred about as much pulverized sugar as it will take up. Beat well, and spread with a knife while the cake is slightly warm.

Silver or steel thimbles are the only kinds ever to be used. Other compositions of which cheap thimbles are made are very frequently of lead or pewter, and their use is likely to result in serious inflammation and swelling if there is even a slight scratch on the finger.

Two uses for eggs are not generally known or appreciated. A fresh egg beaten and thickened with sugar, freely eaten, will relieve hoarseness, and the skin of a boiled egg, wet and applied to a boil, will draw out the soreness.

A few drops of ammonia in the water in which silver is washed will keep it bright a long time without cleaning. This should always be done with plated ware, as frequent rubbings wear off plate.

The hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application of sage tea to the scalp.

You can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of eggs before washing.

Use celery freely. A tea made of the leaves and roots and used daily is said to cure rheumatism.

White spots upon tarnished furniture will disappear if a hot plate be held over them.

To make whites of eggs beat quickly, put in a small pinch of salt.

Grow your own sage, parsley, mint and caraway.

JOSH BILLINGS ON SHANGHAIS.—The shanghi reuster is a gintile, and speaks in a forun tung. He is bilt on piles like our Sandy Hill crane. If he had bin bilt with legs he wud resembul the peruvian lama. He is not a game animal, but quite often comes off sekond best in a ruff and tumble fite; like the injins that kant stand civilization, and are fast disappearing. Tha roost on the ground similar tew the mud-turkle. Tha often go to sleep standing, and sum times pitch over, and when they dew they enter the ground like a pickaxe. There feed consists uv corn in the ear. Tha crow like a jackass troubled with the bronkeesucks. Tha will eat as much tu onst as a district skule master, and generally sit down rite oph tew keep from tipping over. Tha are dreadful unhandy to kook, you have to bile one end uv them to a time, you kant git them awl into a potash kittle tu onst. The female reuster lays an egg as big as a kokeenut, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she hatches out a litter of young shanghis, she has to brood over them standing, and then kant kiver but 3 uv them, the rest stand around on the outside, like boys around a cirkus tent, giting a peep under the kanvass when ever they can. The man who fust brought the breed into this country ought to own them all and be obliged tew feed them on grasshoppers caught bi hand. I never owned but one, and he got choked to death by a kink in a clothes lines, but not till he had swallowed 18 feet uv it. Not enny shanghi for me, if you pleze; I would rather board a traveling colporter, and as for eating one, give me a biled owl rare done, or a turkee buzzard, roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair of injun rubber boots, but not enny shanghi for me, not a shanghi!

HOW SHE GOT HIM.—Amelia was all sweet, nice, and nervous and she said to her beau: "You have been so old a friend I want to tell you something. I am," and she blushed, "I am going to be married."

"Wait," he cried hoarsely; "before you go further, hear me. I must say it, though I have no right now, but I will have less right later. I love you; I adore you; I have loved you since we were children together. I do not see how I can live and see you the wife of another. But, at least, you will know that I have loved you all these years, and when you hear the wind sigh over my distant grave—of course that is nonsense——"

"Don't take on so, John Henry," she said softly, "don't take on so; I'm going to marry—to marry—you."

Then the strong man fainted, and, as she bent over him, a determined little line showed about her mouth and she muttered: "I had to do something to bring him to it." Then she added: "I wonder, after all my trouble, if he has died?"

FOND OF TRAVEL.—The passion for travel, very common in these days, is satirised in the story of a young woman who came bounding joyfully into the presence of a friend and exclaimed—

"Oh, Jenny, Jenny! I'm so glad. I'm so happy!"

"Why, what has happened?"

"Just to think we're going to Paris—Paris!"

"Dear me, how delightful!"

"Yes—papa's been bitten by a mad dog, and has got to go to be treated by M. Pasteur, and I'm going with him to look after him. Oh! I'm so glad."

IN 1925 a prize of $1,000,000 will be given to the writer whom the Russian National Academy shall adjudge to have written the best biography of Alexander I. The prize is the outgrowth of a fund of 50,000 rubles given by a favorite Minister of Alexander I in 1825, and left to accumulate at compound interest for a century.

Femininities.

Virtue is its own reward, and frequently poor pay into the bargain.

Great honor is due those women who have the courage to be old maids rather than heartbroken wives.

Husband: "Come, let's go home!"

Wife, at bargain sale: "In a minute. I've only got a dime left."

Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming has been appointed crier of the United States Circuit and District Courts at Portland.

Brooklyn claims to have the only woman Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue in the country, Miss Lucy E. Ball.

He: "Didn't you promise to obey me at the altar?"

She: "Yes; but we're not there now!"

Eccentricity of dress or manner will double attention; the mistake of vain women is to believe that it doubles attraction.

"Cupid is the little joker in the game of love," said he.

"But the ugly Jack of Diamonds takes more hearts," responded she.

Mrs. Waite, wife of the Colorado Governor, says she knows women in that State who sold their votes for a package of chewing gum and a carriage ride.

Featherstone: "What, to your mind, is the most convincing proof of the truth of the Bible?"

Miss Snapshot: "It says all men are liars."

Mr. Gladstone can now be classed as a hotel keeper. Lately he opened a hotel near the library he equipped with 25,000 volumes, at Hawarden, and established a rate of 25 shillings a week for board and lodging and the use of the library.

Mrs. Mainchance, sentimentally: "I declare, darling, you hold the umbrella over me just as carefully as you did in our courting days—more carefully, if anything!"

Mr. Mainchance, prosaically: "I didn't have to buy your millinery in those days."

She: "How the taste of the public is improving! Just listen to that German band playing a selection from Wagner!"

He: "Wagner? Not much! The band is full and they are simply playing the Blankton Post March with their music sheets upside down."

Ex-Vice President Morton's wife received a letter lately from a widow, who said that since Mr. Morton had begun selling milk from his dairy at Rhinebeck her (milk) business had been ruined, and she could not support her children. Mr. Morton was shown the letter, and he at once ordered his agent to stop selling milk.

One part of the wedding ceremony among the Babylonians was very significant. The priest, it is said, took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from the garment of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride. This is probably the origin of the modern saying about tying the knot in regard to marriage.

"Shall I have to get married when I grow up?" asked little Flossie one day of her mother.

"Just as you please, dear," answered her mother with a smile; "most women do, however."

"Yes, I suppose so," continued the little girl, musingly, "and I guess I'd better start right in and hustle for a husband now. They say that Aunt Jane has been at it for 20 years and hasn't caught on yet."

In this day of worn-out church fairs and catch-penny festivals a new idea for social and young people's meetings is always acceptable. A certain society in Australia holds a social meeting once a month, to which the members bring fruits, flowers and delicacies. Each member places his gift on a large table, where they are made up into packages. These packages are turned over to a city missionary supported by the society, and he carries the gifts to the sick and the poor in hospitals and homes.

Masculinities.

A gentleman never steals. He borrows.

Bear in mind that few people can be angry and just at the same time.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

An English Marquis is taking a retinue of eleven servants to India with him for a tiger hunt.

The translation of the odes of Horace by Mr. Gladstone, the first fruits of his leisure, have been issued.

Green Coats and his wife, who were slaves before the war, celebrated their golden wedding last week, in Mobery, Mo.

"Virtue lends dignity to a man, but wickedness sometimes lends dollars," said a cynic who had never dared to tell a lie.

The Emperor of Germany is a proficient drummer, and can give lessons to the best army drummers in the art of beating the tattoo.

It is said that only three individuals have any right to say "we" in writing or speaking, viz: an emperor, an editor and the man with a tape-worm.

A negro going through a field near Quincy, Fla., was pursued by a drove of cattle, and he made his escape by jumping into a well 20 feet deep.

The youngest Ambassador at any foreign court is Prince Franz Lichtenstein, who has been accredited by Austria to St. Petersburg. He is 42 years old.

President Casimir-Perier is an early riser, being at work on his letters and despatches every morning at 6 30. Nevertheless he often reads till 1 o'clock at night.

It is discouraging to a newly married man to hear his conscience praising his blushing little wife's first cake, and then have her tell him that she got it at the baker's.

Christian Conrad, who boasts that he heard President Washington make an open-air speech in this city in 1795, is living on a farm near Manchester, Iowa, at the reputed age of 108 years.

M. de Vogue, of the French Academy, is descended from a family ennobled during the time of Louis XVI., by reason of its productions in the only business a gentleman could then carry on, that of glass making.

A young clergyman startled a London congregation lately by announcing Hymn fourteen-and-seven-pence half-penny. In his nervousness he had confused the offertory total of the previous Sunday with the hymn figures.

At Holywell the miraculous well of St. Winefride has attracted such crowds of pilgrims that the authorities have given notice to Father Beauclerk, to whom the well is let, that they will terminate his lease in May, in order to obtain better terms for the town.

They know how to treat wife-beaters in Germany. The brutal husband has to work all through the week, turn over his wages to his wife on pay day, and go to jail Saturday night and Sunday. About two weeks of this sort of fun takes all the wickedness out of a fellow.

A Chicago woman, assuming that her deceased husband was in heaven, where there is no marrying or giving away in marriage, married a second husband on the strength of an alleged message from No. 1, by a spiritualistic medium, that he desired her to do so. She has now filed in a local court a plea in divorce.

To a lady who had ventured to oppose Dr. Parr with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, but who apologized by saying "It was the privilege of women to talk nonsense," he replied, "No, madam, it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could, but nature suffers them only to waddle!"

Humorous.

"You're sweet enough to eat!" he cried,
At which her heart turned cold;
For she was a missionary fair,
And he was a cannibal bold.

An old hand at the business—the hand of time.

If the kitten could catch its own tail half the joy of its young life would vanish.

"Say, teacher," asked a down-town schoolboy, "if his name was Norval on the Grampian hills, what was it in town?"

Talker: "What my wife says goes." St. Lenter: "Yes, I've noticed that she spreads more scandal than any other woman in town."

Collector: "Say, look here, I'm tired of calling here about this bill."

The debtor: "Well, I'm mighty glad to hear it."

Sympathizer: "My dear, I hear that your husband is dead."

Sympathizee, weeping: "Yes; he has left for parts unknown."

Pastor: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Even animals know when to stop drinking!"

Toper: "So do I when I drink what they do."

Mother, sternly: "Kitty, didn't Charley Lee try to kiss you last night, at the front door?"

Daughter, blushing: "Not very hard, mamma."

"To whom are we indebted for this call?" smiled Mrs. Waitabit, as she greeted a good-looking man at the front door.

"The butcher, ma'am," was the reply. "It's $9.85. There's the bill."

Physician, with ear to patient's chest: "There is a curious swelling over the heart, which must be reduced at once."

Patient, anxiously: "That swelling is my pocketbook, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you wouldn't believe it, but it's true, that these weights are so delicate that they mark the difference between a blonde and a brunette hair."

"And which weighs the less?"

"The lighter one."

Fair visitor: "So you really have decided not to sell your house?"

Fair host: "Yes. You see, we placed the matter in the hands of a real estate agent. After reading his lovely advertisement of our property, neither John nor myself could think of parting with such a wonderful and perfect home."

Upon the field of battle a soul struggled to free itself from mortal clay. A pale, set face stared ghastly into space.

"Tell her—"

The livid lips moved feebly.

"—I loved—loved—"

The words were lost. The heart was still. The spirit had departed. The game was finished with a substitute at right tackle.

"When I was once in danger from a lion," said an old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapons."

"How did it work?" asked his companion.

"Perfectly; the lion didn't even offer to touch me."

"Strange! How do you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on a branch of a very tall tree."

A long, loose-jointed pilgrim, in a faded brown hat and venerable overcoat, strayed into one of the parks the other day where a hotly-contested game of foot ball was in progress.

He watched the players for some time in silence, and at last asked a bystander:

"What d'ye reckon that thing they're fighting over is wuth?"

"About $2.50, perhaps," replied the man to whom he had spoken.

"They're a pack of durned fools!" exclaimed the pilgrim, stalking away in disgust.

KILLING THE SCORPION.—Everybody who has lived in India knows that in that country centipedes and scorpions are by no means rare, and that, unless great care is exercised, they often manage to invade the sleeping apartments, or even the beds. Their favorite nook, however, is a boot, and of course, to all intents and purposes, this is the most dangerous position that they can take up; for their always poisonous sting or bite is thus inflicted on the foot, the veins and arteries in which are quite close to the surface, and so stand a very good chance of being pierced.

The following story of a scorpion getting into a boot is told at the expense of an officer who was stationed with his regiment at Allahabad: He was putting on his boots one morning, and was just about to stamp the heel down, when he felt a sharp prick. Several scorpions had been seen about the barracks for the past few weeks, so that he naturally concluded that it was one of these pests that had stung him. "Well, the harm's done now," he thought, with a mental benediction upon the head of his servant for being so careless; "but anyhow, I may as well kill the brute It'll get away if I take the boot off." Accordingly, he began stamping violently on the floor, with a view to crushing the life out of the scorpion. Every time he stamped it gave him the greatest agony, but he stuck to it bravely, until at last he thought that the objectionable tenant of his boot must be dead.

When he took off his boot, however, he felt both relieved and vexed, but was glad that he had not summoned assistance. It was years before he could tell the real story of his scorpion; for during half-an-hour had he been stamping upon and trying to kill a blacking-brush which his servant had accidentally left in the boot.

IT SHOULDN'T OCCUR AGAIN.—At the close of a "Baby Show" which had been held in the public hall of a country town an exhibitor went to claim her cherub. On a squalling lump of humanity being handed to her by the smiling checktaker, she gave one glance at the infant's face, and then exclaimed in an agonized tone of voice—

"Good gracious, man! but this is not my baby!"

"Very sorry, ma'am," replied the checktaker, "but it's the only one I have left. You see, somehow or other the checks got mixed. However," he added, by the way of an apology, "it shan't occur again."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

"Baron Klnatas," by Isaac Strange Dement, is a tale of the Anti-Christ which is very curious and will well repay perusal. Published by M. T. Need, Chicago. Price 50 cents.

"Treasury of the Table Talk by Famous People" is a very neat and entertaining little volume made up of pointed elegant and witty short extracts from the sayings and writings of the great ones of the past. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price 75 cts.

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A very interesting and suitable book for holiday purposes is "The Essays of Elia," in which are included the Last Essays of Elia and a selection from Eliana. The text is made additionally beautiful and attractive by thirty-one fine full-page pictures and other embellishments. Neatly printed on fine paper and beautifully bound. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price $1.25.

A beautiful book in every way is "The Treasury of Stories, Jingles and Rhymes," by Maud Humphrey. In big type, on splendid glazed paper, with handsome pictures on almost every page, it, in a new simplified and attractive form, includes most of the fairy tales, wonderful stories and other literature of childhood that has amused the little ones for generations and always will. There are also many original tales and poem narratives that much enhance the volume's value. No neater or more attractive holiday book has ever been printed. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates. Price $1 25.

A Romance in Real Life.—During the occupation of North Germany by the French in 1810-11, the young Count Londy was a lieutenant in the army which occupied the department de l'Elbe, of which the city of Hamburg was the centre, and where Marshal Davoulet, Prince of Eckmuhl, reigned with terror and cruelty which even now are but too vivily remembered by the "oldest inhabitant." Then came the Russian campaign, and the subsequent retreat of the French in 1812. Fifteen years later a youth of unknown parentage was apprenticed to a Hamburg builder. Step by step he rose, until at last he himself became a master builder and practiced as such in his native city. The terrible fire of 1842, which reduced two-thirds of the place to ashes, brought great activity into the building trade, as a natural consequence; and Mr. Londy, combining the work of contractor and house speculator with his profession, gradually became a rich man, and is now one of the most extensive contractors of Hamburg. The young lieutenant of fifty years ago, in the meantime, became an old man, and is still alive. Happening one day to take up a German newspaper, he found a person bearing his name mentioned as taking an active part in some improvements at Hamburg. His name being an uncommon one, he was struck with it as occurring in a place where, fifty years ago, he was quartered for several months. Could he have left his name there in a manner which sometimes will occur? The thing haunted him, and at last he determined to find out beyond all doubt. He did so, and the result of his inquiries was, that Mr. Londy, the builder, proved to be the count's son. He has since been formally acknowleged as such, and will succeed the rich and hitherto childless old count in his honors, titles, and property.

The Use of Spectacles.—One of the first concomitants of age is acquired far-sightedness or presbyopia. This necessitates wearing certain glasses for near work. Whenever a man or woman of about forty-five years of age finds himself or herself reading or threading a needle at arm's-length, the action tells that the little muscle governing the accommodation is growing weak and needs assistance. By persisting in forcing this muscle to work, much injury is done to the eyes; but, by having it corrected, many a frown would be saved to man and many a wrinkle to woman. Not only is it important to get glasses, but of more importance still is it to see that you get the kind suitable for each eye. It is comparatively rare that you find two eyes exactly alike, and the aid of an ophthalmic surgeon who is not only competent theoretically but practically should be sought. Men whose knowledge is acquired by long experience are often much more useful than those having a theoretical knowledge only. When the optician finds however that the vision is not the same in each eye, or where astigmatism exists and the patient complains of symptoms now recognized as eye symptoms, then his province ends and the ophthalmic surgeon's work begins. As age increases, excessive reading, writing, or work upon very small objects must not be persisted in, especially if the eyes grow tired. It must be remembered that the elasticity of the eyeball is lost, and any persistent effort may produce hemorrhage in the retina or such a strain as may lead to other serious troubles.

Would Doctors Like It?—Doctors complain that, as a rule, only their "failures" reach the ear of the public. This is not always the case, however, as will be seen from the following novel advertisement which appears in a recent number of a Jewish contemporary. It runs (names being suppressed, for obvious reasons):—

"Mr. A—— S——, of ——, returns his most sincere thanks to numerous friends for their kind visits and inquiries during his recent illness. His special thanks are due to Dr. ——, of —— Street, for untiring attention and care."

This is placed in the first column ("Births, Marriages," etc.), but, instead of following, it should, to be strictly appropriate, precede, the list of "Deaths."

A public record by a grateful patient of a most essential factor in his recovery is a custom which is quite novel. The doctor's bill is, we are told, the last and the most grudgingly paid; but to a medical man it must be almost more than his fee to see his skill and attention meet with appreciation and gratitude, to say nothing of the extension of his practice which must necessarily ensue. It is often much more to a man to recover from serious illness than to be married or even to become a happy father; and, probably many doctors would not be at all averse from seeing their names in print when associated with a successful case.

So the System was Stopped.—Some London suburban railways allow the return halves of tickets issued on Saturday to be used on Monday; but the only railway whose return tickets on its suburban branches, issued on any day, are available for the next, is the Great Eastern.

Some years ago the company was more liberal still, and permitted a ticket issued on Monday to be available all the week. The privilege, however, was withdrawn, owing to the cheating proclivities of the traveling public.

"It happened in this way," said an official lately to the writer. "A man would start on Monday by purchasing a first-class and a third-class ticket. He would present the third-class return ticket to the inspector at the gate to be nipped, and would travel first-class. Every morning he bought a fresh third-class ticket, but always traveled first. If a ticket examiner came along, he always produced his first-class ticket, and as this was available for a week, detection was impossible. Of course every Monday he bought a fresh first-class ticket. When this practice was discovered, the weekly system was at once stopped."

Pigeons as a Naval Aid.—Other countries have, to a considerable extent, trained certain animals to assist their military and naval forces in various ways in times of war.

For some years past, most of the European powers have had specially-trained dogs attached to regiments to act as scouts and messengers, and these animals have shown a wonderful degree of intelligence in the performance of their peculiar duties.

In like manner naval pigeon stations have been established by several European Powers, where homing pigeons are kept ready for service as trained messengers. Their value for this purpose was fully proved during the last Franco German war.

France has thirteen stations; Spain, ten; Italy, nine; Germany, seven; Austria, three; Portugal, two; and Denmark, one; while Belgium depends, in case of war, on the pigeon clubs established in its seaport towns.

England has, so far, neglected both these method of assisting the powers of defence; but perhaps in due time it shall imitate its neighbors.

Chunks of Wisdom by Josh Billings.

Sailors heave the lead for the purpose ov finding the bottom, not for the purpose ov going there. It is sum so with advise; men should ask for it, not so much for the purpose ov following it, az for the purpose ov strengthening his own plans. Enny boddy kan tell whare lightning struck last, but it takes a smart man tew find out whare it is a going tew strike next time; this iz one ov the differences between larning and wisdom. Most enny boddy can write poor sense, but thare aint but few that kan write good nonsense; and it almos takes an eddycated man tew appreciate it after it iz writ.

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